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Author of 'Food and its Adulterations,' &c. &c.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to return my acknowledgments for the copy of your Work on Cod Liver Oil, with which you have favoured me. I was already acquainted with it, and had perused it some time previously with considerable gratification, especially the chapter devoted to the consideration of the adulteration of Cod Liver Oil. 'I have paid, as you are aware, much attention to the subject of the adulteration of drugs. Amongst the articles examined, I have not overlooked one so important as Cod Liver Oil, and this more particularly, since it is a very favourite remedy with me, and is, moreover, so liable to deterioration, by admixture with other, especially inferior, Fish Oils. I may state that I have more than once, at different times, subjected your Light Brown Oil to chemical analysis, and this unknown to yourself, and I have always found it to be free from all impurity, and rich in the constituents of bile. 'So great is my confidence in the article, that I usually prescribe it in preference to any other, in order to make sure of obtaining the remedy in its purest and best condition. 'I remain, yours faithfully,

(Signed) "ARTHUR H. HASSALL, M.D.,

"Bennett-street, St. James's-street.

"1st December, 1854.

"To Dr. De Jongh, the Hague."

SOLD IN LONDON, by ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77 STRAND, Dr. De Jongh's sole accredited Comptroller and Agents for the United Kingdom and the British Possessions, and sent by them, CARRIAGE FREE, to all parts of Town.

May be obtained in the COUNTRY, from respectable Chemists and Vendors of Medicines. Should any difficulty be experienced in procuring the Oil, Messrs. ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO. will forward four half-pint bottles to any part of England, CARRIAGE PAID, on receipt of a remittance of 10s.

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Caution.—The bottles are labelled with Dr. De Jongh's stamp and signature, without which none are genuine. The Public are specially cautioned against frequent attempts to induce them to purchase other kinds of Cod Liver Oil, under the pretence that they are the same as Dr. De Jongh's, or equally efficacious.

ROYAL BANK BUILDINGS,

LIVERPOOL, FEBRUARY 14, 1855.

(CIRCULAR.)

The great fluctuations in the price of Tea during the last two years have caused much confusion among Retail Dealers—whilst there have been loud complaints by Families of the inferiority of the quality. These complaints too frequently have their origin in the indifference displayed in the Selection.—A STRIKING TESTIMONY to the contrary may be witnessed in our business—which exhibits a large increase in the number of Families supplied—as well as in the quantity disposed of,—being greatly in excess of any similar period during the last fifteen years.

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Our inflexible regard to QUALITY has been the gradual means of opening to us a new feature of Trade—Foreign orders—from English Families residing abroad. Shippers of fine Teas will find our Stock to consist of suitable Packages (in bond) for Export—and the PRICES fixed upon a principle calculated to give continued satisfaction, and with every possible security—as to the QUALITY.

Notwithstanding the continuance of the Rebellion in some districts of the Chinese Empire, there is no sound apprehension of a short supply of Tea. The imports this year will prove at least equal to those of the last year—the present estimate being upwards of 80,000,000 lbs.—a tolerable scope will therefore be afforded for a constant and personal attention in the selection of proper qualities.

Having already obtained—by many years' experience—a large amount of distinguished patronage—Families may rest assured—of our continued candour in recommending only such descriptions as will please.

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Tea and Coffee Salesmen,

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N.B.—Other remarks and the present List of Prices may be had on application.

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See the Times, Feb. 19th.

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PATENT ENAMEL ARTIFICIAL TEETH will be found superior to all others. They will not wear out, become loose on their fastenings, or decay. Author of the "Essay on Improved French and American Modes of fixing Tubs." 2s. 6d.; by post, 3s.

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TEETH.—By Her Majesty's Royal Letters

Patent.—Newly-invented and Patented application of Chemically-prepared White India-rubber in the Construction of Artificial Teeth, Gums, and Palates.—MR. EPHRAIM MOSELY, Surgeon Dentist, 61, GROSVENOR-STREET, GROSVENOR-SQUARE, asks Inventor and Patentees.—A new, original, and invaluable invention, consisting in the adaptation, with the most absolute perfection and success, of CHEMICALLY-PREPARED WHITE INDIA-RUBBER as a lining to the ordinary gold or bone frame. The extraordinary results of this application will be briefly noted in a few of the most prominent features, as the following:—All sharp edges are avoided; no springs, wire, or fastenings are required; a greatly increased freedom of suction is supplied; a natural elasticity hitherto wholly unobtainable, and a fit pressure, the most accurate and secure, is secured; while, from the softness and flexibility of the agent employed, the greatest support is given to the adjoining teeth when loose, or rendered tender by the absorption of the gums.

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T. H. S.—The "Dramatic Poem" is not adapted for our columns.
 W. C.—The translation is well done; but we limit ourselves to original poetry having decided merit.
 E. P.—There is much improvement; but, as we have repeatedly remarked, we can insert only that which has some genius and originality of idea. It was for this that we first welcomed Alexander Smith; and the world has since confirmed our judgment. The CRITIC cannot give place to mediocrity; it can accept only positive excellence in poetry.
 G. L. (Liverpool).—The poems are not adapted to us.
 J. MacM.—There is merit in the poems sent; but they are not quite up to our standard.
 REV. W. G. D.—Thanks; but the poem is not quite what we require.

THE CRITIC INDEX.

THE INDEX to the volume of THE CRITIC for 1854 will be given with the next number, on April 15.

THE CRITIC, London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD: ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE returning Spring, as it unlocks the icy fetters which have held the earth enchained, and frees the prisoned waters, whether they flow from Castalia or by the fortified coasts of the Baltic, brings to Europe some faint hope of returning peace, some kindly expectation that the terrible turmoil of human passion may be stilled, in which the still small voice of reason, the music of poetry, and the grave discourse of philosophy, are stifled, if not utterly destroyed. Why, we know not—for the reasons alleged seem hardly to warrant the hope—but PEACE is the watchword which men adopt in speaking of the next act in the world's great drama. As we drifted into war, so we now seem to be drifting out of it; not hastily, or by sudden efforts, but with that slow involuntary motion with which men obey a principle rather than a passion.

This is no political arena, nor care we to discuss the circumstances, the conditions, the pros and the cons of this impending peace. That duty will be faithfully discharged by the proper persons. We shall have protocols and treaties, chapter and verse. Some will be satisfied, and some will not. Some will be content to return, each man to his vine and fig-tree; whilst others will cry loudly and use big words about the downfall of the nation's honour. Both may be right. But as for us, we have only to record the fact that peace is not only possible but expected; and that, to literature and the arts, is a fact of immense significance.

One hopeful symptom of progress in the national mind is to be found in the constant recollection throughout this war that we have something else to do than devise the best means of cutting our enemies' throats. Side by side with debates upon war and warlike matters we ever find a thoughtful consideration of the intellectual necessities of the people. The Newspaper Stamp Bill runs parallel to the War Estimates, and already have we three Education Bills offered to the national choice. Lord JOHN RUSSELL's notable scheme is in abeyance, possibly waiting until he has solved the European difficulty, and satisfactorily disposed of every Colonial question; but, in the mean time, Sir JOHN PAKINGTON steps in with a very plausible scheme for liberating the National School system, and more equitably apportioning the Government assistance, so that it shall be in proportion to the necessities of the various districts to which it is extended. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON, in the course of a very carefully prepared speech, pointed out some curious defects in the present system. One is, that the trained teachers are over-trained. No sooner are they highly educated than they spurn the very occupation to fit them for which that education was bestowed—the men seeking holy orders, and the women to better themselves by marriage. Mr. Inspector KENNEDY complains of this; Mr. MOSELEY, a very able inspector, testifies to the same effect; and the head of a very large training establishment broadly asserts that not one in five of the pupil-teachers ever become schoolmasters or schoolmistresses. It is plain to anybody that this arises from the fact that the profession of instruction is not an agreeable one, and that, in this country at least, it does not, as it ought, confer a high and intellectual status upon its professors. Sir JOHN PAKINGTON does not suggest any remedy for this—simply inquiry. As for the unequal manner in which Government assistance is granted, he brings forward four rich parishes, with a population of 50,000, which have received grants for the purchase of books to the amount of 3908*l.*; while four poor parishes, with a population of 138,000, have received for the same purpose 12*l.* 0*s.* 8*d.*! The propositions of Sir JOHN PAKINGTON's Bill are decidedly liberal—perhaps too much so for the taste of many who have thought deeply upon this subject. He proposes to throw the religious question open, and that all denominations may have equally the benefit of Government assistance; he proposes also that no school shall have such assistance unless its conductors consent to receive children of other denominations—that Church schools shall receive Dissenting children, and *vice versa*; he proposes also that the religious teaching of all new schools shall be in accordance with the religious opinions of

the majority of the persons in the districts in which they are established. That these propositions will raise a storm of opposition no one who knows anything of the past history of educational measures can doubt. Of course, the debate would not have been perfect without plenty of statistics to prove the lamentable ignorance of the people; and among these the figures of the Rev. Mr. CLAY, of the Preston House of Correction, naturally occupy a very conspicuous position. As to this gentleman, everybody admits that he is a very amiable, clever, conscientious, hard-working, and, in every respect, praiseworthy gentleman; but his great fault is, that he *overproves* everything he takes in hand. With the best faith possible, his figures are always made to fit his theories; and he never entertained any theory in his life (and he has held some queer ones) that he had not so much per cent. of this, and so much per cent. of that, to support it with. Now, considering that the statistics of crime and of ignorance are, after all, very limited and empirical, we would rather not pin our faith upon a man who relies solely upon the calculations which his own experience has supplied him with. Mr. CLAY tells us very gravely "that, of the 1949 persons committed to that gaol, 48 and a fraction per cent. were unable to read, 41 and a fraction per cent. were ignorant of the Saviour's name and unable to read the Lord's Prayer; only 10 per cent. were acquainted with the elementary truths of religion; 61 per cent. were ignorant of the name of the Queen; 62 per cent. were ignorant of the words 'virtue' and 'vice'; and 19 and a fraction per cent. were unable to count a hundred." It is very possible that Mr. CLAY may believe all this; but it is scarcely possible that the Governor of the gaol (a keen man of the world and no theorist) will corroborate it. What evidence is there that only 10 per cent. were acquainted with the elementary truths of religion, and 62 per cent. were ignorant of the words "virtue" and "vice"? What other than that of the *ignoramus*es themselves? The Governor of the Gaol knows, and all governors of gaols know, that the rascals who come within their safe keeping have long since found out that ignorance is the surest title to the sympathy of certain amiable, philanthropic theorists, and that nothing insures them indulgence at the hands of a statistical chaplain like swelling the per-centage which is to support their pet theory. It is a fact, which Mr. CLAY cannot disprove, that prisoners have left the Preston Gaol perfectly well able to read and write, and with all their wits about them, yet have returned within a twelvemonth so deplorably ignorant that they have not been able so much as to spell their own names.

CARDINAL WISEMAN's Lecture on "The Future Historian's View of the Present War" appears to have been little better than a criticism of his own upon the policy of this country. Whether the future historian will be disposed to coincide with the CARDINAL is a secret yet hidden in the womb of the future. Attentively perused, the reader may be permitted to doubt whether, after all, this is really the CARDINAL's own sincere view, and whether it must not be regarded as a bait, to fish up a little of his lost popularity. It is not easy to believe that a man of Dr. WISEMAN's astuteness really expects that the Crimean campaign will ever be "a fixed star in the firmament of England's glory." More interesting, because more practical, will be the lectures on the Crimean Campaign to be delivered at the Marylebone Institution, by J. A. CROWE, Esq., the gentleman who has been to the Crimea as the Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*.

Who can wonder that Mr. THACKERAY's Lecture at the Marylebone Institution attracted a large and admiring audience. The name of the lecturer—the subject, which was "Humour and Charity"—the object, which was the relief of a distressed brother in letters—might each have ensured success; the happy union of all was irresistible. Seldom have we found the subject and object of a lecture so aptly appropriate as in this; there was the greatest humorist of the age employing himself in the cause of charity, and what better proof of the thesis was needed, that true Humour and Charity were inseparable.

The object for which Mr. THACKERAY delivered this lecture was identical with that to which we directed the attention of our readers a short time ago. Since that time we have avoided recurring to the subject, because it is understood that the friends of the gentleman upon whom the calamity has fallen would rather not appeal to the general public, at least for the present. It is satisfactory, however, to know that the kindest and most delicate exertions are being made by his literary brethren to assist him.

The annual general meeting of the members of the Royal Literary Fund was the scene of an animated dispute between the two parties which have long been forming within the society—the Conservatives and the Reformers. From representations made by the latter, it appeared that the working expenses of the society bear a much larger proportion to the funds administered than in the case of the Artists' General Benevolent Fund, and objections were taken to the secretary's salary of 200*l.* a year. After an animated debate, a resolution recommending retrenchment was negatived by a majority of four. Subsequently an attempt was made to elect Mr. HALLAM as president instead of the Most Noble the Marquis of LANS-
 DOWNE; but this also failed, though supported by

Mr. DICKENS, who very pertinently observed that no other human being but literary and scientific men had any business with the society. The Dean of St. PAUL's pronounced a glowing eulogium upon "the munificent, consistent, and honourable patrons of literature." The only practical result of the debate was a resolution to apply for a new charter, and a committee was elected for that purpose. Let us hope that when this charter comes to be framed something will be done to abolish the absurd distinction drawn by the existing one. According to the present rule, no one can participate in the benefits of the society unless he is the author of a printed book; and the consequence has been that while the compiler of a sixpenny spelling-book receives aid from the society as a literary man, the writer of compositions which require great knowledge and thought (such as leading articles and reviews) is altogether excluded. Such a distinction is as absurd as it is unjust. As for the society itself, as at present constituted, it cannot be regarded as in any way regenerating English literature, when we find that such men as DICKENS, THACKERAY, and BULWER can be outvoted by booksellers, "munificent patrons," and their panegyrists. Against the proposed reforms it may perhaps be urged that they were rather cheseparing in their nature. If a secretary be wanted at all, 200*l.* does not seem to be too much for him. If the funds of the society were what they ought to be, the expenses would not seem disproportionate; but they never can be so until flunkeyism is abandoned, and the society is thrown open to all working literary men. All petty restrictions and divisions can only serve to impede its usefulness. Take for instance the case of distress to which we lately referred. No one can deny that his newspaper labours were not both more extensive and more useful than any other products of his literary life. Yet those alone would not entitle him to the aid of the Royal Literary Fund.

The necessity for the formation of some good and certain machinery for mutual assurance among literary men becomes more and more obvious every day. To depend upon the Civil List is unworthy and absurd. We understand that a memorial, subscribed by some of the most distinguished savans in the Scottish capital, was presented to Lord Aberdeen, during the ministry of that statesman, entreating some assistance for Dr. Thomas Dick, the author of "The Christian Philosopher," and other popular works. It is stated that Dr. Dick is in his 80th year, and is in needy circumstances, having parted with the copyright of his works. The only answer to this appeal has been an order upon the Lord High Treasurer's Remembrancer for Scotland to receive the munificent sum of ten pounds a year!

The various discussions which have arisen out of the Newspaper Stamp debates have revived Mr. Cobden's somewhat absurd question as to the relative merits of the *Times* newspaper and Thucydides. This would have been scarcely worth noticing, had it not been for the following extract from a private letter, said to have been written by "one of our English authors, whose first work was published in the 18th century," and which the injudicious flattery of some admirer has offered up as incense to the demigods of Printing-House-Square:—

A busy, hurrying age will not sit down to read history, philosophy, or political science in the best books on the subject. If they would, I should count the frequency and absorption of a daily paper to be damaging to the general mind. But in the absence of such reading, here is a valuable substitute, if not a perfect equivalent, interspersing grave, sober, instructive argument, on a great variety of matters, in the course of frivolity and dissipation of mind engendered by novels and burlesques and buffoonery. Dr. Arnold found that the serial publications of Dickens, &c., much hindered his boys.

We cannot guess who the "Author" may be who penned this very logical opinion (that his first work was published in the 18th century does not assist us, for that definition would probably include Fitzball); but we must protest against this wholesale condemnation of the most genial and innocent entertainer of youth, the freshest, the kindest, the most intelligent, the purest companion of all ages that this country ever possessed. Who may DICKENS *et cetera* be? How many *ceteri* have we to set beside that writer who never wrote a sentence for which he has cause to blush. For our part, we remember no such opinion in Dr. ARNOLD's published works, and we cannot accept hearsay evidence that he ever held it; but even if he did hold and express it, we say nevertheless that it was a foolish thing to say, a still more foolish thing to repeat; for to our apprehension the name of CHARLES DICKENS will be known and venerated and admired when both Dr. ARNOLD and the "Author" who quotes him shall have passed away into the purgatory of oblivion.

A man named EMILE GOLSTON has been committed for trial, and, in default of heavy bail, sent to Newgate, for selling indecent stereoscopic pictures. The prosecution was instituted on behalf of the Society for the Suppression of Vice. While highly approving of the objects professed by the Society, may it not be permitted to suggest that, if they attempt to carry out a principle, they ought to do so with even-handed justice, and not hunt the "small deer" while "stags of ten tynes" are permitted to caper about free and uncontrolled. Take the Bernal Collection, for instance; is there no indecency in that? Was

there ever a collection of rare and curious books, antique gems, old carving, Cellini cups, and curious porcelain, that had not a great deal of indecency in it? It is all very well to say that these are collected for purposes of art; but let it be remembered that almost every collector has his secret cupboard, and practically recognises the impropriety of such things by scrupulously concealing them from all lady amateurs. What purpose of art can the *Hyperotomachia* of Aretino serve? But such was sold at Mr. BERNAL'S sale, and was knocked down to some toothless old sinner for more money than would have paid for the prosecution of GOLSTON. Fair play is a jewel of greater price than any in Mr. BERNAL'S collection; and if the Society for the Suppression of Vice intends to do its duty, without respect of persons, it should put a stop to the sale of indecent articles, by whomsoever and to whomsoever they may be sold.

The *New York Tribune* is just now pretending to be

very knowing about English journalism. Such of its facts as are facts are easily recognisable as having been derived from some articles upon the same subject which appeared in the *CRITIC* about two years ago; others, however, are of more doubtful parentage. Here, for instance, are some gems of information. "The *Daily News* is gaining ground upon the *Morning Advertiser*, and is now realising a profit. Among the weeklies, the *Leader* is steadily making its way; and the *Empire*, with its price raised from 4d. to 5d. in the hands of Mr. George Thompson, the ex-member for the Tower Hamlets, increases its circulation." Any one at all acquainted with the London press will appreciate the value of each and all of these facts.

The list of forthcoming novelties is very meagre. The Rev. Mr. Osborne's "Scutari" is definitely announced for next week, and the contents of the book will doubtless be found to have benefited by the disclosures before Mr. Roebuck's Committee. Mr. Bentley anticipates the crop of "Campaigns,"

&c., which may be expected from young officers, with "A Campaign in the Crimea," by Lieutenant Peard, of the 20th. These ambitious amateur authors had better make haste and get their booklings out, before William Russell comes, and with his bright style, keen eye, and trenchant pen, throws them all into oblivion. Messrs. Low advertise the much-talked-of "Moredun," to be produced in the old-fashioned three volume shape, and at the old-fashioned price. At any rate, it is a bold experiment. The Rev. F. D. Maurice promises a reprint of his lectures on "Learning and Working," which he delivered last summer in Willis's Rooms; these are all the literary promises in our note-book. A correspondent from the north informs us that the first volume of Dr. Rogers's "Modern Scottish Ballads" may shortly be expected, from the press of Messrs. Black, of Edinburgh. This work is looked for with great interest, and it is understood to have occupied its careful editor for many years. L.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington. By R. K. MADDEN, M.R.I.A. 3 vols. Newby.

CURL the publisher, of Pope's time, was said to have added "a new terror to death" by his habit of scraping together "Remains," more or less genuine, of any literary person who had the misfortune to die while that bookseller was flourishing in his trade. The writing celebrities of our own day, or the sensitive amongst these, may perhaps be excused if they sometimes have misgivings as to the treatment that may be in store for them from their literary executors, however friendly in intention, however primed and loaded with eulogy. Be this as it may, the eminent people in question have the annoyance (if any), by anticipation, and we, the humble and curious public, the amusement and (if any) the benefit of such emptyings into print as the present, of *chiffonniers* mostly full of odds and ends of half-faded gossip and scandal, worn-out friendships, cast-off loves, threadbare compliments, tattered edgings of wit, rags and tags of verse and prose, album-lines, invitations to vanished dinners, all sorts of pretty flatteries and falsities, exchanged between people who are most of them dead, or, if living, not likely to be desirous of remembering words which were spoken and written mainly for sugar or sauce to the passing moment.

An enthusiastic contemporary, who illuminates we are not sure what provincial town—but reference may be made to Mr. Newby's advertisements—declares this book to be, "without exception, the most valuable publication of the last half century;" but, though the publication does not seem to us wholly valueless, with this strongly-expressed verdict we are not prepared to agree—having felt an internal conviction growing up, during the perusal of the three bulky green volumes with gilt coronet on their backs, that here, as regarded the Editor's share in the work, was one of the dullest, most overloaded, ill-digested, vapid, and as to style most completely contemptible, essays at biography it has ever been our misfortune to meet with. Words so harsh as these we have been urged into using by the general pretentiousness of the publication, including the title-page trumpeting of the Editor (the initials appended to his name denote, as we are informed, Member of the Royal Irish Academy) as author of various works, ending with *Et cetera*, from the exercise of composing which he ought, at least, to have derived a smattering of English grammar, if other virtues of authorship were by nature beyond his reach. The copious list of *errata* at the end is far from commensurate with the list of blunders, of every sort, that might be drawn from these pages, were it the least worth while. We shall content ourselves with noting, as a sample, the "Translation of a Portuguese Song, sent under cover to Lady Blessington," vol. iii., 326; which rarity is given in full, and proves to be—what does the reader suppose?—a tolerably literal translation of Mignon's song, from *Wilhelm Meister*, beginning

Know'st thou the land where citrons scent the gale,
Where glows the orange in the golden vale,
Where softer breezes, &c. &c.

Truly a wonderful kind of "literary man" is

such an editor as this! But now let us turn to the contents of the *chiffonnière*, and see what we can pick out that may be worth glancing at in our readers' company.

Margaret (or Marguerite, as she thought it prettier to write), the third daughter of Edmund Power, Esq., of Knockbrit, near Clonmel, co. Tipperary, was born on Sept. 1, 1790. Mr. Power had a small property left him by his father, which he took pains to squander, by means of dogs, horses, drunkenness, and general dissipation and improvidence, and, of course, succeeded perfectly. He was a handsome, showy man—a "Buck"—and publicly known as "Shiver-the-Frills" and "Beau Power." In his family he was passionate; and at last, when sinking deeper and deeper into vile habits and money-difficulties, had "frequent and terrible outbreaks of rage." He still, *more Hibernico*, continued to entertain company at his house; and when, in 1804, the 47th Regiment came to Clonmel, and Captain Maurice St. Leger Farmer fell in love with Miss Margaret Power, aged fourteen years and a half, Mr. Power commanded, and Mrs. Power persuaded, their young daughter to accept for husband "a man who inspired her with nothing but feelings of terror and detestation."

Mrs. Farmer lived with her husband about three months, during which time she discovered (according to her own account) that he was subject to fits of insanity, was treated by him with personal violence, removed to her father's house, refused to return to her husband, was used unkindly in her old home, and left it, at feud with many of her relations. We pass, as others have thought best to do, over the long interval to the year 1816, when we find Mrs. Farmer residing in London, in Manchester-square, and there giving dinner-parties, at which the Earl of Blessington was a frequent guest. Mrs. F. was then twenty-eight years old, and "in the perfection of matured beauty," joyous, kindly, and brilliant in looks, manner, and conversation. Lord Blessington was thirty-five, a good-natured, expensive, self-indulgent, somewhat frivolous, and, as Mr. Madden thinks, at least in reference to his will, not perfectly sane-minded Irish nobleman. His Lordship, about 1809, when Viscount Mountjoy, made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Brown, a pretty Scotchwoman, who, alas! was not then living with Major Brown, her lawful husband, and Mrs. Brown became the mother of two illegitimate children, the eldest of whom, Charles John Gardiner, now possesses "a small portion of the Mountjoy Forest estate (the income from which is about 600*l.* a year); all that remains, with a trifling exception, of the wreck of that once vast property of the Earl of Blessington.

Major Brown died in 1812, and Lord Mountjoy married the widow, and their first legitimate offspring was Lady Harriet Gardiner, who in her eighteenth year was married to Count Alfred D'Orsay. Viscountess Mountjoy died in 1814, the Viscount was made an Earl in 1816, and on the 16th February, 1818, was united "to a lady of the name of Farmer, who had become a widow four months previously."

Captain Farmer having, on the occasion of visiting some friends of his confined in the King's Bench Prison, got drunk, fallen out of window,

* Miss Power's words, sister of Lady B.

and after some days expired in the Middlesex Hospital.

Pause we a moment to admire our Peer's extremely peculiar matrimonial taste, as simple people, at least, would deem it. Surely, fashionable novels would be nothing in point of interest compared with fashionable biography were the latter told as it might be; yet, perhaps, it were still better left undeveloped. Lord and Lady Blessington, after a visit to the Irish estate, Mountjoy Forest, took up house in their St. James's-square mansion, and the new-married lady

found herself suddenly, as if by the magic wand of an enchanter, surrounded by luxurious, gorgeous furniture, glittering ornaments, and pomp and state almost regal. The transition was at once from seclusion and privacy, a moderate establishment and inexpensive mode of life, into brilliant society, magnificence and splendour—to a condition, in short, little inferior to that of any lady in the land.

Her taste for the society of Celebrities soon declared itself and her gifts and graces enabled her to gratify it with extraordinary success.

For three years her mansion in St. James's-square, nightly thronged by men of distinction, was the centre of social and literary enjoyments of the highest order in London. Holland House had its attractions for the graver spirits of the times, but there was no lack of statesmen, sages, scholars, and politicians, at the conversaziones of Lady Blessington.

During this period the young Count Alfred D'Orsay first became acquainted with the Blessingtons.

In 1822 the Earl and Countess, with Miss Mary Ann Power and young Charles James Matthews, travelled, by way of Paris and Switzerland, to Italy; Mathews (our present Lyceum manager) being invited by the Earl, out of friendship to his father, to accompany the party to Italy in order to improve himself generally, and, in particular, in the study of architecture, the profession to which he was brought up. He proved himself a very lively and agreeable companion, and secured the warm attachment of those around him.

In 1823 Lady Blessington met Byron—and was disappointed both in his appearance and manner. And here is a little bit of "behind the scene," in relation to the published "Conversations:

Byron and the Blessingtons continued to live on the most intimate terms, we are told by Lady Blessington, during the stay of the latter at Genoa; and that intimacy had such a happy influence on the author of "Childe Harold," that he began to abandon his misanthropy. On the other hand, I am assured by the Marquise de Boissy, formerly Countess of Guiccioli, that the number of visits of Byron to Lady Blessington during the entire period of her sojourn in Genoa did not exceed five or six at the utmost; and that Byron was by no means disposed to afford the opportunities that he believed were sought, to enable a lady of a literary turn to write about him.

A little further on, the editor remarks:

Lady Blessington's feelings of regard for Byron's memory were by no means such as might have been desired.

The marriage of Count D'Orsay with a daughter of Lord B.'s was determined on at Genoa so early as June 1823—but which daughter was not fixed—and in December 1827, at Naples, the long-contemplated event took place, which turned out very unhappily. Lady Harriet was taken

from school to a distant land, to wed a man she had never seen; she was pale, reserved, and "very girlish-looking," being indeed but 15 years and 4 months old. The count's age was 26. They had no children, and were separated in 1831. We are told that

In the course of a few years, the girl of childish mien and listless looks, who was so silent and apparently inanimate, became a person of remarkable beauty, *spirituelle*, and intelligent, the reverse in all respects of what she was considered, where she was misplaced and misunderstood.

After sojourning successively in Naples, Rome, Florence, &c., during a period of six years, Lord and Lady B. returned to Paris and rented the splendid mansion of Marshal Ney, in the Rue de Bourbons.

The rent of this hotel was enormously high, and the expense which the new inmates went to, in adding to the splendour of its decorations and furniture, was on a scale of magnificence more commensurate with the income of a prince, of some *vielle cour*, than with that of an Irish landlord.

The description of Lady B.'s bed-chamber here, as given by herself in *The Idler in France*, with its bed "resting on the backs of two large silver swans," &c., &c., is surprising. Next year, 1829, Lord Blessington was struck with apoplexy, while riding in the Champs Elysées, and expired suddenly, in his 46th year. Lady B. was now left with an annuity of 2000*l.* a year. "When his Lordship succeeded to the title and estates, his rental was about 30,000*l.* a year;" but at the time of his decease his affairs were greatly embarrassed.

The Act for the sale of the Blessington estates was passed in 1846. Its provisions have been duly carried into execution. Of the vast properties of the Mountfords there remains a remnant of them, producing about 6000*l.* a year, to be still disposed of. . . . Lady Blessington returned to London from the Continent in November, 1830. In the latter part of 1831 she took up her abode in Seamore-place, May-fair. The mansion in St. James's-square, which had been bequeathed to her by Lord Blessington, was far too expensive an establishment to be kept up by her on an income of two thousand a year. Having disposed of her interest in it, she rented the house in Seamore-place from Lord Mountford, and fitted it up in a style of the greatest magnificence and luxury. Here, in the month of March, 1832, I found her Ladyship established. The Count and Countess D'Orsay were then residing with her. The salons of Lady Blessington were opened nightly to men of genius and learning, and persons of celebrity of all climes, to travellers of every European city of distinction. Her abode became a centre of attraction for the *beau monde* of the intellectual classes, a place of *réunion* for remarkable persons of talent or eminence of some sort or another; and certainly the most agreeable resort of men of literature, art, science, of strangers of distinction, travellers, and public characters of various pursuits—the most agreeable that ever existed in this country.

The social talents which could draw together and please so many various people are indicated in the following:

It was something of frankness and archness, without the least mixture of ill-nature, in everything she said, of *enjouement* in every thought she uttered, of fulness of confidence in the out-speaking of her sentiments, and the apparent absence of every *arrière pensée* in her mind, while she laughed out unpremeditated ideas, and *bon mots* spontaneously elicited, in such joyous tones, that it might be said she seldom talked without a smile at least on her lips; it was something of felicity in her mode of expression, and freedom in it from all reserve, superadded to the effect produced by singular loveliness of face, expressiveness of look and gesture, and gracefulness of form and carriage—that constituted the peculiar charm of the conversation of Lady Blessington.

Tracing rapidly her Ladyship's career, we find that

Lady Blessington removed from Seamore-place to the more spacious and elegant mansion of Gore House, Kensington Gore, the former abode of William Wilberforce, in the early part of 1836. And here her Ladyship remained till the 14th of April 1849.

. . . . After a lapse of two or three years (says the editor) my acquaintance with Lady Blessington was renewed at Gore House. The new establishment was on a scale of magnificence exceeding even that of Seamore-place. The brilliant society by which she was surrounded did not seem to have contributed much to her felicity. There was no happiness in the circles of Gore House comparable to that of the Palazzo Belvidere in Naples. There was manifestly a great intellectual effort made to keep up the charm of that society, and no less manifest was it that a great pecuniary effort was making to meet the large expenditure of the establishment, that was essential for it. That society was felt by her to be a necessity in England. It had been a luxury in Italy, and had

been enjoyed there without anxiety for cost, or any experience of the wear and tear of life that is connected with arduous exertions to maintain a position in London *haut ton* society, acquired with difficulty, and often supported under continually increasing embarrassments. But, notwithstanding the symptoms of care and anxiety that were noticeable in Lady Blessington's appearance and conversation, at that period of her Gore House celebrity, her powers of attraction and of pleasing had lost none of their influences. There were a higher class of men of great intellect at her *soirées*, than were formerly wont to congregate about her. Lady Blessington no longer spoke of books and bookish men with diffidence, or any marked deference for the opinions of other persons: she laid down the law of her own sentiments in conversation rather dogmatically, she aimed more at saying smart things than heretofore; and seemed more desirous of congregating celebrities of distinction in her salons than of gathering round her people solely for the *agrémens* of their society or any peculiarities in their characters or acquirements.

She had, moreover, the ugly habit, however varnished over with forms of politeness, of "drawing out" and exhibiting, with Count D'Orsay's assistance, any ludicrous weakness or peculiarity in a guest.

But this Seamore-place and Gore House world of persiflage and flattery, of histrionism and sneering, of "literature" and ormolu, was rapidly maturing the elements of its own destruction. The all-accomplished Count, that dandy Achilles, was over his topmost curl in debt, and existing at large on the sufferance of boot-makers and tailors. His noble half-mother-in-law, with jointure of 2000*l.* a year, was spending at least 4000*l.* What then? The fair dilettante authoress of several partially-successful books, and editress of "Keepsakes" and "Books of Beauty," must see to earning Colburn's and Bentley's wages, with help of her general celebrity—nay, even condescends to publish a novel from week to week in the *Sunday Times*; and, on the establishment of the *Daily News* in 1846, her friend Charles Dickens being editor, she is engaged for half a year certain, at the rate of 500*l.* per annum, for the peculiar and rather questionable business of contributing, "in confidence, 'any sort of intelligence she might like to communicate, of the sayings, doings, memoirs, or movements in the fashionable world.' Her contributions were supposed to consist of what is called 'Exclusive Intelligence.'"

But no struggles or expedients could long put off the evil day, sure to arrive in all such cases, whether on great scale or little, as long as the earth continues to revolve from west to east, and as long as the universe is composed of something different from barley-sugar. Read this:—

For about two years previous to the break-up at Gore House, Lady Blessington lived in the constant apprehension of executions being put in, and unceasing precautions in the admission of persons had to be taken both at the outer gate and hall door entrance. For a considerable period, too, Count D'Orsay had been in continual danger of arrest, and was obliged to confine himself to the house and grounds, except on Sundays, and in the dusk of the evening on other days. All those precautions were, however, at length baffled by the ingenuity of a sheriff's officer, who effected an entrance in a disguise, the ludicrousness of which had some of the characteristics of farce, which contrasted strangely and painfully with the denouement of a very serious drama. Lady Blessington was no sooner informed, by a confidential servant, of the fact of the entrance of a sheriff's officer, and an execution being laid on her property, than she immediately desired the messenger to proceed to the Count's room, and tell him that he must immediately prepare to leave England, as there would be no safety for him, once the fact was known of the execution having been levied. The Count was at first incredulous—*bah! after bah!* followed each sentence of the account given him of the entrance of the sheriff's officer. At length, after seeing Lady Blessington, the necessity for his immediate departure became apparent. The following morning, with a single portmanteau, attended by his valet, he set out for Paris, and thus ended the London life of Count D'Orsay. . . . In the spring of 1849 the long-memored break-up of the establishment of Gore House took place. Numerous creditors, bill discounters, money lenders, jewellers, lace venders, tax collectors, gas company agents, all persons having claims to urge, pressed them at this period simultaneously. An execution for a debt of 4000*l.* was, at length, put in by a house largely engaged in the silk, lace, India shawls, and fancy jewellery business. Some arrangements were made, a life insurance was effected, but it became necessary to determine on a sale of the whole of the effects for the interest of all the creditors. Several of the friends of Lady Blessington urged on her pecuniary assistance, which would have prevented the necessity of breaking up the establishment; but she declined all offers of this

kind. The fact was that Lady Blessington was sick at heart, worn down with cares and anxieties, wearied out with difficulties and embarrassments daily augmenting, worried with incessant claims, and tired to death with demands she could not meet. For years previously, if the truth was known, she was sick at the heart's core of the splendid misery of her position—of the false appearances of enjoyment in it—of the hollow smiles by which it was surrounded—of the struggle for celebrity in that vortex of fashionable life and luxury in which she had been plunged, whirling round and round in a species of continuous delirious excitement, sensible of the madness of remaining in the glare and turmoil of such an existence, and yet unable to stir hand or foot to extricate herself from its obvious dangers.

Connected with the sale, we shall note but one little memorandum, contained in a letter from the French valet who remained behind at Gore House, to her Ladyship at Paris.

M. Thackeray est venu aussi, et avait les larmes aux yeux en partant. *C'est peut-être la seule personne que j'ai vu réellement affecté en votre départ.*

In April 1849 Lady Blessington and her nieces arrived in Paris.

She took a moderate-sized but handsome *appartement* in the Rue du Cerr, close to the Champs Elysées, which she commenced furnishing with much taste and elegance; her preparations were at length completed, but they were destined to be in vain. . . . She employed a great deal of her time, daily, in superintending the furnishing of her new apartment; in the way of embellishments, or luxuries, or comforts, some new wants had to be supplied every day.

On the 3rd of June she removed to this residence, and the same night was seized with an affection of the chest and heart, which had previously threatened her, and after a few hours expired in the 59th year of her age. Lady Blessington was a kind, good-humoured, generous, mirthful, witty, and beautiful woman. Almost every one liked her. Mrs. Hall says:—

Her manners were singularly simple and graceful; it was to me an intense delight to look at beauty, which, though I never saw in its full bloom, was charming in its autumn time; and the Irish accent, and soft sweet Irish laugh, used to make my heart beat with the pleasures of memory. I always left her with an intense sense of enjoyment, and a perfect disbelief in every thing I ever heard to her discredit. Her conversation was not witty nor wise, but it was in good tune and good taste, mingled with a great deal of humour, which escaped everything bordering on vulgarity. It was surprising how a tale of distress, or a touching anecdote, would at once suffuse her clear intelligent eyes with tears.

Mr. Madden supplies us with some just reflections founded on his own observations in the following words:—

Lady Blessington exercised the double influence of beauty and intellectuality in society, in attracting attention, to win admiration, and to gain dominion over admirers. In effecting this object, it was the triumph of her heart to render all around, not only pleased with her, but pleased with themselves. She lived, in fact, for distinction on the stage of literary society before the foot-lights, and always *en scène*. Lady Blessington was very conscious of possessing the hearts of her audience. She had become accustomed to an atmosphere of adulation, and the plaudits of those friends which were never out of her ears, at last became a necessity to her. Her abode was a temple, and she—the Minerva of the shrine, whom all the votaries of literature and art worshipped. The swinging of the censor before her fair face never ceased in those salons, and soft accents of homage to her beauty and her talents seldom failed to be whispered in her ear, while she sat enthroned in that well-known *fauteuil* of hers, holding high court, in queen-like state—"the most gorgeous Lady Blessington." . . . The queen-regnant in the salons must at length cease to confide in the natural gifts and graces which belong to her—the original simplicity of her character, or sweetness of her disposition. She must become an actress there, she must adapt her manners, fashion her ideas, accommodate her conversation, to the taste, tone of thought, and turn of mind, of every individual around her. . . . In a word, she must part with all that is calculated to make a woman in this world happy; peace of mind, the society of true friends, and pursuits which tend to make women loved and cherished; the language of sincerity, the simplicity and endearing satisfaction of home enjoyments. . . . And when the end of all the illusion of this state of splendid misery comes at last, the poor lady who has lived in it so long, awakens from it as from a dream, and the long delirium of it becomes manifest to her. . . . In no spirit of unkindness towards the memory of Lady Blessington, in no cynical mood, or momentary forgetfulness even of the many estimable qualities and excellent talents which she possessed, let us ask, did her literary career, and position in literary society, secure for her any of those advantages which have

been just referred to, or was that position attended with any solid benefits to those high interests which transcend all others in this world in importance? Or apart from her literary career, if the question be asked, was her life happy? assured by the answer must be, it was not happy. . . . But who could imagine that such was the case, who knew her only in crowded salons, so apparently joyous, animated and exhilarated by the smiling looks and soft accents of those who paid such flattering homage to her beauty and her talent, fully conscious as she was of the admiration she excited, and so accustomed to it, that it seemed to have become essential to her being?

Here we close our rapid *résumé* of the principal features of this lady's career—full of enjoyment, frivolity, and busy idleness; a brilliant, envied, lamentable life; not without instruction in the retrospect. Miss Margaret Power was bred a Roman Catholic. Lady Blessington went to Protestant churches, "for convenience," as she said herself; Rochefoucault was her apostle; her habits and thoughts with reference to religion are thus alluded to by Mr. Madden:

A few weeks before that event, a British peeress, whom I have had the pleasure of meeting at Gore House in former days, wrote to Lady Blessington at Paris, reminding her of a promise, that had been extorted from her, and entreating of her to remember her religious duties, and to attend to them. Poor Lady Blessington always received any communication made to her on this subject with respect, and even with a feeling of gratitude for the advice given by her. She acted on it solely on one or two occasions, in Paris, when she accompanied the Duchess de Grammont to the church of the Madeleine on the Sabbath. But no serious idea of abandoning the mode of life she led had been entertained by her. Yet she had a great fear of death, and sometimes spoke of a vague determination, whenever she should be released from the chief cares of her career—the toils and anxieties of authorship, the turmoil of her life in salons and intellectual circles—that she would turn to religion, and make amends for her long neglect of its duties, by an old age of retirement from society, and the withdrawal of her thoughts and affections from the vanities of the world. But the proposed time for that change was a future which was not to come; and the present time was ever to her a period in which all thoughts of death were to be precluded, and every amusing and exciting topic was to be entertained which was capable of absorbing attention for the passing hour.

Lady Blessington's correspondents were exceedingly numerous, and the present volumes display an imposing list of distinguished names, and contain a good many interesting letters and notes, though overlaid and almost smothered with stupid editorial garrulity, and extracts, amounting to many pages, from such recondite sources of information as the *New Monthly Magazine*, *Quarterly Review*, *Literary Gazette*, *Athenæum*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Household Words*, "Men of the Time," "Pencilings by the Way," Patmore's "Friends and Acquaintance," &c. &c.—an intolerable succession of *réchauffés*. The best letters, in various ways, are probably those of Sir W. Gell, Landor, and Dickens. We shall cull a few of the passages which appear likely to be most generally interesting. Gell's was the perfection of an easy, knowing man of the world's epistolary style; here, in proof, is a postscript containing an

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

P.S. Ladies are so used to writing cross-cross, that perhaps you will not be displeased at this for your Byronian, and may put it in your own terms if my short note suits you. Lord Byron had once a *vis-à-vis*; I used frequently to drive out with him in it. One day, passing the Alfred Club, he asked if [I] were a member; I said some one had put me down, but as I had never been there, I was going to take my name out. "Oh," says he, "on no account take out your name." "Why?" said I. "Because there are nine hundred candidates waiting for admission, and I should have taken out my own name, but that I found it would make one of these expectants happy. Only imagine," said he, "if you took yours off also, there would be two of these wretches delighted, and that would be really too much." He then, as we had no auditors, laughed at his own affected misanthropy, which was only put on for the purpose of making the world in general believe there was something extraordinary about him, and which he found for many years a great recommendation in that sort of highly refined society, which is in perpetual want of new and extraordinary excitement. Adieu, W. G.

Sir William went to Italy in 1814 as chamberlain to the unhappy Caroline, Princess of Wales; remained there; wrote several books concerning ancient Greece and Rome; and died at Naples, in 1836. He thus wrote to Lady B. about a certain

DR. HOGG.

I mean to send you a most benevolent and good

sort of person, not much known to fame, with the ugly name of Doctor Hogg, who has been here some years, and is just returned from Egypt and the Holy Land, "where saints did live and die." He makes the most wonderful faces, and has the strongest action with his hands you ever saw, and Mr. Hill used to ask him to dinner to witness them; but he will tell you how the world goes on here better than most people, and, as you have round you many men of rank and fashion, you will not dislike, for a change, to see a traveller without pretensions, whose merit consists in a kind heart, and a very benevolent disposition to do all he can for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Mr. Walter Savage Landor, now residing at Bath, and in his 81st year, became acquainted with Lady B. at Florence in 1825, and continued his friendship and correspondence till her death. The first extract we give refers to his own "Examination of William Shakspeare."

Florence, October 11, 1834.—Before I express to you any of my fears and other fancies, let me thank you for your letter,—and now for the fears; the first is, that you have really taken the trouble to overlook the sheets of my "Examination;" the next, that the Conferences of Spencer and Essex are not added to it. For this I have written an introduction which quite satisfied me; which hardly any thing does upon the whole, though everything in part. Pray relieve me from this teasing anxiety, for the Examination and the Conferences, if disjoined, would break my heart. Never were two things so totally different in style. . . . I did not believe such kind things would be said of me for at least a century to come. Perhaps, before we meet, even fashionable persons will pronounce my name without an apology, and I may be patted on the head by dandies, with all the gloss upon their coats, and with unfrayed straps to their trousers.

Of the same "Examination," he says:—"This is full of fun—I know not whether of wit. It is the only thing I ever wrote that is likely to sell."

CRITICISMS, AND A COMPLIMENT TO THE LADIES.

The Opium-eater calls Coleridge "the largest and most spacious intellect, the subtlest and most comprehensive, that has yet existed among men." Impiety to Shakspeare! treason to Milton! I give up the rest, even Bacon. Certainly, since their day, we have seen nothing at all comparable to him. Byron and Scott were but as gun-flints to a granite mountain; Wordsworth has one angle of resemblance; Southey has written more, and all well, much admirably. Forster has said grand things about me; but I sit upon the earth with my heels under me, looking up devoutly to this last glorious ascension. Never ask me about the rest. If you do, I shall only answer, in the cries that you are very likely to hear at this moment from your window, "Ground ivy! ground ivy! ground ivy!" Cannot you teach those about you to write somewhat more purely? I am very fastidious. Three days ago, I was obliged to correct a friend of mine, a man of fashion, who so far forgot the graces, to say of a lady, "I have not often been in her company." "Say presence," we are in the company of men, in the presence of angels and of women.

LANDOR'S HABITS OF COMPOSITION.

Infinite pains it has always cost me, not to bring together the materials, not to weave the tissue, but to make the folds of my draperies hang becomingly. When I think of writing on any subject, I abstain a long while from every kind of reading, lest the theme should haunt me, and some of the ideas take the liberty of playing with mine. I do not wish the children of my brain to imitate the gait or learn any tricks of others.

"DOWN ON" WORDSWORTH.

This reminds me of Kenyon's question to Robinson—"Did you ever, you who have travelled with him [Wordsworth] for months together, did you ever hear him speak favourably of any author whatsoever?"—Robinson's reply was, "He certainly is not given to the laudatory." He well deserves the flagellation I have given him, for his impudence in regard to Southey. But to make amends, if ever he writes five such things as you will find at the end of my volume, I will give him as many hundred pounds. I will now publish nothing more, for the remainder of my life.

WRITING "GEBIR."

Never were my spirits better than in my thirtieth year, when I wrote "Gebir," and did not exchange twelve sentences with men. I lived among woods, which are now killed with copper works, and took my walk over sandy sea-coast deserts, then covered with low roses and thousands of nameless flowers and plants, trodden by the naked feet of the Welsh peasantry, and trackless. These creatures were somewhat between me and the animals, and were as useful to the landscape as masses of weed or stranded boats.

The following note of Mr. Landor, dated January 9, 1849, expresses his opinion of Louis Napoleon, founded upon personal acquaintance:

Possibly you may never have seen the two articles I inclose. I inserted in the *Examiner* another, deprecating the anxieties which a truly patriotic, and, in

my opinion, a singularly wise man, was about to encounter, in accepting the Presidency of France. Necessity will compel him to assume the imperial power, to which the voice of the army and people will call him. You know (who know not only my writings, but my heart) how little I care for station. I may therefore tell you safely, that I feel a great interest, a great anxiety, for the welfare of Louis Napoleon. I told him, if ever he were again in a prison, I would visit him there; but never, if he were upon a throne, would I come near him. He is the only man living who would adorn one, but thrones are my aversion and abhorrence. France, I fear, can exist in no other condition. Her public men are greatly more able than ours, but they have less integrity. Every Frenchman is by nature an intriguer. It was not always so, to the same extent; but nature is modified, and even changed, by circumstances. Even garden statues take their form from clay. God protect the virtuous Louis Napoleon, and prolong in happiness the days of my dear, kind friend, Lady Blessington. W. S. L.

I wrote a short letter to the President, and not of congratulation. May he find many friends as disinterested and sincere.

Charles James Mathews (now of the Lyceum Theatre) accompanied the Blessingtons to Italy, as we have already mentioned, in 1823; he was then an architect, and, moreover, a most mercurial, witty, and agreeable young man, with qualities besides that secured both the esteem and regard of his acquaintances. In Italy he sketched buildings and landscapes, wrote burlesque verses, mimicked to perfection the mendicants, story-tellers, and street-preachers of Naples, played in private theatricals, and was a favourite everywhere. In 1826 he was appointed architect to a mining company in Wales, where he superintended the building of storehouses and tramways, and also wrote the ballad of "Jenny Jones." In 1832 he obtained the appointment of district surveyor of Bow and Bethnal-green, which he held till his appearance on the public stage, at the *Olympic*, on the 7th December 1835. From his very well-written and amusing letters we shall present some extracts in our next publication, along with interesting "bits" of Dickens, Disraeli, Bulwer, and others not unknown to fame. Before laying aside the two first volumes, we glean what follows concerning the latter period of Count d'Orsay's life; and a first statement accounting for the "ingratitude" of the French Emperor.

Very shortly after the *coup-d'état*, a friend of mine, Monsieur du P—, dined in Paris, at the house of a French nobleman of the highest rank, where Count d'Orsay was present. There were about twenty or two and twenty persons present, persons of distinction and of various political sentiments. The all-important topic of the *coup-d'état* was discussed for some time with all due prudence and reserve. D'Orsay at length, coming out with one of his customary notes of preparation, "à bas!" made short work of the reserve and prudence of the discussion. He expressed his opinion in English in a deliberate manner, speaking in a loud tone, but emphatically and distinctly, these words, "It is the greatest political mistake that ever has been practised in the world!" . . . He had been well received by the Prince, and proffers of public employment adequate to his expectations and his talents were made to him. But after the period of the *coup-d'état* and the dinner above referred to—post or proper that entertainment—the friendship of the Prince for the Count cooled down from blood heat to the freezing point, and eventually to zero.

The following is curious, in more ways than one:—

D'ORSAY'S LAST DAYS.

I visited my poor friend a few weeks before his death, and found him evidently sinking, in the last stage of disease of the kidneys, complicated with spinal complaint. The wreck only of the *beau* D'Orsay was there. He was able to sit up and to walk, though with difficulty and evidently with pain, about his room, which was at once his studio, reception room, and sleeping apartment. He burst out crying when I entered the room, and continued for a length of time so much affected that he could hardly speak to me. Gradually he became composed, and talked about Lady Blessington's death, but all the time with tears pouring down his pale wan face, for even then his features were death-stricken. He said with marked emphasis, "In losing her I lost every thing in this world—she was to me a mother! a dear, dear mother! a true loving mother to me!" While he uttered these words he sobbed and cried like a child. And referring to them, he again said, "You understand me, Madden." I understood him to be speaking what he felt, and there was nothing in his accents, in his position, or his expressions (for his words sounded in my ears like those of a dying man), which led me to believe he was seeking to deceive himself or me. I turned his attention to the subject I thought most important to him. I said, among the many objects which caught my attention in the

room, I was very glad to see a crucifix placed over the head of his bed; men living in the world, as he had done, were so much in the habit of forgetting all early religious feelings. D'Orsay seemed hurt at the observation. I then plainly said to him, "The fact is, I imagined, or rather I supposed, you had followed Lady Blessington's example, if not in giving up your own religion, in seeming to conform to another more in vogue in England." D'Orsay rose up with considerable energy, and stood erect and firm with obvious exertion for a few seconds, looking like himself again, and pointing to the head of the bed, he said, "Do you see those two swords?" pointing to two small swords (which were hung over the crucifix crosswise); "do you see that sword to the right? With that sword I fought in defence of my religion. I had only joined my regiment a few days, when an officer at the mess-table used disgusting and impious language in speaking of the Blessed Virgin. I called on him to desist; he repeated the foul language he had used; I threw a plate of spinach across the table in his face; a challenge ensued; we fought that evening on the rampart of the town, and I have kept that sword ever since." Whatever we may think of the false notions of honour, or the erroneous ones of religion which may have prompted the encounter, I think there is evidence in it of early impressions of a religious nature having been made on the mind of this singular man, and of some remains of them still existing at the period above named, however strangely presented.

We think most of our readers will agree with us in considering Mr. Madden's remarks on the occurrence as also somewhat strange in their character. Count D'Orsay died on the 5th of August 1852, at the age of 51.

The Memoirs of Philip de Comines, Lord of Argenton. To which is added, the Scandalous Chronicle or Secret History of Louis XI., by Jean de Troyes. Edited, with Life and Notes, by ANDREW R. SCOBLE, Esq. 2 vols. Vol. I. London: Bohn.

MR. BOHN, undismayed at the prospects of literature, which were never so unpromising as at this moment, has nevertheless ventured upon a new enterprise, which, we have no doubt, will prove, in spite of the times, to be the most successful of his many successes. He projects, and has actually commenced, a series of French memoirs. How rich is French literature in works of this class, and how charming they are, and how unlike to anything of the same kind existing in any other country, our readers well know. There is material for a hundred volumes—and such volumes too!—the most pleasant, lively, anecdotal, characteristic reading that has ever been brought within the reach of English readers. It will assuredly be preferred to the shilling novels, of which the public is already beginning to grow weary. Welcome, then, to Mr. Bohn's proposed series of French memoirs!

He commences with those of Philip de Comines, the historian. They are, in fact, an expansion of his history—his personal adventures added to the public events of the time. They are amusing; but we regret somewhat that the series should have commenced with them, because they are not quite calculated to convey to the general reader a just conception of the French memoir, which is a thing of itself. The volume is heavy, compared with many of its successors: it is not sufficiently anecdotal and personal. We hope that the next work will be taken from more modern times. The series, indeed, would have been incomplete without the *Memoirs of Comines*, but it would have been more politic to have withheld the graver ancient, and introduced in the first instance a gayer and more gossiping modern.

Life and Times of Salvator Rosa. By Lady MORGAN. New Edition. Bryce.

It will, probably, be welcome news to many that a new, cheap, and handsome edition of this celebrated art-biography has just issued from the press. It will not be necessary, even if it were not contrary to our rule, to review a book so well known. It carries its own recommendation now. It has achieved greatness.

PHILOSOPHY.

The Collected Works of Dugald Stewart, Esq., F.R.S. By Sir WM. HAMILTON, Bart. Vol. V. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.

THIS new volume contains *The Philosophical Essays* as an appropriate sequel to the "Philosophy of the Human Mind." The editor informs us that an interleaved edition had been preserved by the author, in which he had largely noted his further reflections upon the topics treated of. These notes have been incorporated into the present edition, which thus presents Stewart's most matured thoughts. The essays are, for the most part, critical; they review Locke's Theory of the Sources of Human Knowledge, Berkeley's Idealism, the theories of Hartley, Priestley, and Darwin, and some late philosophical speculations. These, however, are followed by the much more interesting speculations of the author himself on the

Beautiful, on the Sublime, on the Faculty of Taste, and on the Culture of certain intellectual Habits connected with the first elements of Taste. Although dissenting altogether from his views on all these subjects, it is impossible not to acknowledge the ability with which they are maintained. They suggest much to the thoughtful reader; and, while stimulating reflection, they will teach him how the profoundest philosophy may be expressed in the language of everyday life. Stewart rarely indulges in technicalities—never when an equivalent phrase is to be found in the vernacular. His works are models of argumentative writing. It is impossible to mistake his meaning, however you may dissent from his views.

SCIENCE.

The Butterflies of Great Britain, with their Transformations, delineated and described. By J. O. WESTWOOD. London: Orr and Co.

WE have noticed the numbers of this beautiful work as they appeared periodically. The completed volume is now before us, and deserves all the praises bestowed upon the separate parts. The Natural History of the Butterfly, and of its wonderful transformations, is followed by a comprehensive account of its anatomy and physiology, and thus appropriately introduces that which is the special object of the work—a description of the butterflies found in Great Britain. Of each of these there is an engraving, life size, beautifully, nay, brilliantly coloured, with letter-press accompanying, descriptive of their habits, transformations, and other characteristics. Of these engravings there are no less than eighteen, each containing four or five pictures of butterflies, and of the caterpillars whence they come, coloured accurately from nature. It is, moreover, marvelously cheap.

RELIGION.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

It has been latterly much the custom among Protestant writers to select an individual Scripture personage as the subject of a distinct treatise, in which the author, applying as it were the exhaustive process, traces him through all the recorded circumstances of his life, analyses his character, shows what were his virtues and what his failings—sometimes even his sins—and, finally, what practical instruction lies beneath the contemplation for ourselves. We have already noticed some instances in which this has been successfully done. Another is now before us. It is entitled "The Disciple whom Jesus loved," being *Chapters from the History of John the Evangelist: with a Preliminary Sketch.* By JAMES MACFARLANE, D.D., Duddingstone (Edinburgh: Paton and Ritchie). In this treatise the life and character of St. John are admirably expounded by Dr. Macfarlane in twelve chapters, respectively entitled—"The calling of John;" "John in Jarius' house;" "John at the Transfiguration;" "John's errors;" "John at the Paschal Supper;" "John at the Cross;" "John's legacy at the Cross;" "John at the Tomb;" "John and tradition;" "John before the Sanhedrim;" "John at Patmos;" "John's farewell." In the "preliminary sketch" the author justifies himself—if justification were needed—for selecting the character of St. John, the Apostle of love, in preference to any other, and for inviting the reader to concentrate his attention upon it, in these days of controversy and strife.

The Christian Life, Social and Individual. By PETER BAYNE, M.A. (Edinburgh: Hogg).—The author of this work, who is a student of general literature, as well as of theology, having been often struck in the course of his reading by the idea which appears to prevail among men of letters, "that evangelical religion, by its strict, personal form, comports ill with solidity and compass of intellect," it occurred to him "that a statement of the Christian view of the individual character, together with a fair representation of the practical embodiment and working of that character in our age, might not be unattended with good." He also thought that the position and worth of Christianity as a reforming and social agency were not sufficiently understood by many, who, anxious for the good of their species, and its social and moral progress, yet looked in vain to a dry and barren philosophy for the realisation of their wishes. Hence the present work, in which he treats first of the individual life, and next of the social life. He then exhibits Christianity as the basis of social life, and illustrates the same by biographical notices of Howard, Wilberforce, and Budgett. He also treats of "the social problem of the age, and furnishes one or two hints towards its solution." He next proceeds to exhibit Christianity as the basis of individual character, commencing with "a few words on modern doubt;" and he illustrates this part by notices of John Foster, Thomas Arnold and Thomas Chalmers. He concludes with a chapter on "the positive philosophy;" another on "pantheistic spiritualism;" and a third which contains a general summary. The whole is worked up with considerable ability; and many passages in the work not only display high powers of thought, but a command of language, which must recommend it to the large

circle of readers who either have, or pretend to have, intellectual tastes and capacities. The biographical sketches introduced by Mr. Bayne are highly interesting, and will be read by many in preference to the argumentative parts of his work. These biographies are framed as much as possible upon the model of Mr. Carlyle's essay on Burns. Of Mr. Carlyle's genius our author thinks very highly. "My relation," he says, "to Mr. Carlyle is twofold. The influence exerted by him upon my style and modes of thought is as powerful as my mind was capable of receiving; yet my dissent from his opinions is thorough and total. I believe that, without a grand rectification, his views must be pernicious in their every influence: when Christianity gives them this rectification, I think they convey important lessons to Christian men and Christian churches. Whether the streams that flow from that fountain are to spread bliss or bale, depends upon whether there can be put into it a branch from the Christian vine; and this, since no better has attempted it, I endeavour to do." Mr. Bayne, in the course of his work, frequently takes occasion to combat Mr. Carlyle's philosophy. His works, he says, contain by far the greatest embodiment of pantheism in this country, and like those of Fichte, they start with asserting the divinity of man. "This is of course broad and explicit in the philosophy of Fichte. It is not so clear and definite in the works of Mr. Carlyle; that great writer, although giving evidence of a powerful influence from Fichte, having experienced one still more powerful from Goethe, and having clothed his doctrines, not in the statuesque exactitude of philosophic terminology, but in the living language of men. It were, however, we think, difficult to conceive a more perfectly worked out scheme of pantheism, in application to practical life, than that with which Mr. Carlyle has furnished us; and its essential principle ever is, the glory, the worship, the divinity of man. . . . It is enough that we discern in it an influence definably antagonistic to the spirit of Christianity." Regretting our want of space for extracts in justification of the praise we have bestowed upon Mr. Bayne's work, we conclude by thanking him for the pleasure with which we have ourselves perused it.

Of sermons we have received the following, viz:—*Sermons, Practical and Suggestive.* By the Rev. CLAUDE MAGNAY, Curate of Holwell, Dorset. (London: Masters.) Mr. Magnay's Sermons are exceedingly simple, having been addressed to plain men who require to be told "the plainest things in the plainest way." They are also exceedingly brief; everything like controversy is avoided, and the edification of the hearers appears to be the one thing sought for.—*Parish Sermons.* By WILLIAM FRASER, B.C.L., Curate of Alton (Oxford and London: Parker), is a selection of Eight Discourses, chosen from among a great many—"principally because they appeared to be listened to with some attention when they were preached." They relate almost exclusively to the Last Judgment, and are exceedingly earnest and impressive.—Part 2 of *Short Sermons for Family Reading, following the course of the Christian Seasons* (Oxford and London: Parker), embraces the Christmas season, and is of the same praiseworthy character as the previous part.—*The Widow and the Fatherless; an appeal on behalf of the Patriotic Fund: being a discourse delivered in the Free Church of Forfar.* By the Rev. WILLIAM CLUGSTON, A.M. (Forfar: Shepherd and Laing), is a powerful and eloquent discourse, well suited to the occasion upon which it was delivered.—*The Church and the Church Diet, or Kirchentag: a Sermon preached in the Church of Frederickstadt, Berlin.* By J. H. MERLE D'AUBIGNE, D.D., with an introduction by the Rev. CARUS W. WILSON, M.A. (London: Partridge, Oakey, and Co.) This discourse is calculated to extend still farther among British Christians the well-earned reputation of its author. It was preached at one of those annual conferences of Christians from all parts of Europe that have been held in Germany for the last seven years; and exhibits the author as fully "impressed with the conviction that we are fast hastening to the day, when the Church of Christ shall be fully accredited in the final overthrow of all her enemies, and the grand realisation of all her promised blessedness."

One Thousand Questions on the New Testament. By a Teacher (London: Jarrold and Sons).—This work is similar in character to the "One Thousand Questions on the Old Testament" already published. It will be found highly useful by teachers and heads of families, and may be had at the low price of ninepence.

Convocation: Remarks on the Charge recently delivered by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Oxford. By the Rev. S. R. MAITLAND, D.D. (London: Rivingtons).—This is a temperate examination of some of the principal arguments adduced by the Bishop of Oxford, in favour of the revival of Convocation. Dr. Maitland is himself opposed to any such revival, thinking it better to leave well alone; and towards the end of his pamphlet he makes a very good point against the Bishop by remarking upon a passage quoted by the latter from a charge delivered in 1738, by the then Bishop of Oxford, Dr. Secker. At that time, "when Convocation was scarcely extinct," the diocese is represented as being in a most deplorable state; "and who could doubt that it would grow worse and worse during every year of a convocation—

leas century? His Lordship gratefully acknowledges that it has not done so; but that (to say the least) during the time that the Church has been without that turbulent, brawling assembly, other dioceses besides his own have gone on steadily in a course of peaceful improvement." Dr. Maitland concludes as follows:—"May the prelates of that Church, supported and encouraged by faith in God, and by the fellow-working of an able and pious clergy, be enabled to pursue such a course in the government of their dioceses, as their own judgments and consciences dictate, without being overruled and overridden by a Convocation."

Christianity in Turkey. Correspondence of the Governments of Christendom relating to Executions in Turkey for apostasy from Islamism. With a Letter from Sir Culling E. Eardley, Bart., to M. George Fisch, Pasteur, President of the directing (Lyons), committee of the Evangelical Alliance; and the reply of the Lyons Committee. (London: Partridge, Oakley, and Co.)—This pamphlet is put forth in order to direct public attention at the present crisis to the law and practice now existing in Turkey with reference to apostasy from Islamism. The Koran, it seems, enjoins that any Turk changing his religion shall be punished with death; also, that any Christian turning Mussulman, and afterwards turning Christian again, shall in like manner be punished with death. Two instances of the latter kind occurred in the year 1843, one in the case of a young Armenian and the other of a young Greek. Both were executed, one having been beheaded and the other hanged. The diplomatic representatives of the great powers protested loudly against the cruelty and barbarism of such proceedings,—our own ambassador distinguishing himself, we are happy to say, by the energy which he displayed on the occasion. The result was an engagement on the part of the Porte that no such executions as those mentioned—namely of Christians turning Mussulmans and afterwards making a profession of Christianity—should again take place. It is, however, by no means clear that this engagement leaves native-born Mahometans free to become Christians; and it is in order to secure this privilege that Sir Culling Eardley calls for the co-operation of the French Protestants. M. Fisch, in his reply, promises him their earnest sympathy and support; and the present Sultan appears to be so decidedly liberal in his views, that we have no doubt of his acquiescing in the proposed arrangement. The documents here published, we must add, are highly interesting, and will well repay perusal.

The Christian at Home; Reflections in Prose and Verse. (London: Fowles.) We cannot say anything in praise of this publication, further than that the writer appears to be deeply impressed with religious feelings. Both the prose and the verse are below par and can have no interest for any one but the author's personal friends.

THE third vol. of the *Select Works of Dr. Chalmers*, contains his sermons, which are, as our readers are aware, something more than sermons. Science is pressed into the service of religion, and the preacher reconciles them and shows harmony where some people persist in finding discrepancy. A portion of the volume consists of the famous "Astronomical Discourses."—*The Theological Tendencies of the Age*, by the Rev. J. Tullock, D.D., is the subject of an Inaugural Lecture delivered at St. Mary's College. It is a spirited and able refutation of rationalism as taught by the democratic press.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Jerusalem Revisited. By W. H. BARTLETT, Author of "Walks about Jerusalem." With illustrations. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.

THE present work owes its origin to a desire on the part of the Author to supply information upon topics either wholly omitted or but slightly touched upon in his "Walks about Jerusalem." That work he felt—although received with considerable favour by the public—by no means exhausted the subject. It was first published in 1844, and was intended merely as a popular guide to the principal objects of interest in the Holy City and its neighbourhood. It answered this purpose remarkably well—judging by the commendations of the critics and the rapid sale of two or three editions. "But the patronage so generously extended to the book, notwithstanding its many imperfections, of course rendered the author more desirous of supplying its deficiencies." He accordingly resolved upon revisiting Jerusalem, and either rewriting his former work, with the addition of fresh matter and new engravings, or publishing an entirely new one, "which, while it did not trench upon ground already gone over, might chiefly introduce such subjects as were then either omitted or but partially illustrated." He adopted the latter course, and the result is now lying before us in a handsomely printed volume, illustrated by twenty

engravings from original drawings, and with letter-press showing considerable improvement in point of composition, as compared with any of the author's previous works. It is with the most sincere regret we have to add that, "during the brief interval which has elapsed between the preparation of this work and the usual period of publication, the melancholy tidings have reached England of the sudden and premature decease of the author. Cut off in the flower of his age, and in the full vigour of intellect, after a few hours' illness, he has found a sepulchre in the waters of the Mediterranean, whose shores he had so often and so successfully illustrated."

It was upon the 10th of June 1853 that Mr. Bartlett set out on his second journey to Jerusalem. He repaired to Marseilles, and there took passage for Alexandria in the French government steamer Osiris. The Eastern question had then for some time been agitating the public mind both in France and England, and much anxiety was felt by the Marseillais to know the decision of our Government—whether it would join heart and hand with that of France in curbing the ambition of the Czar. The *Caradoc* was, in fact, lying in the harbour at the time, momentarily expecting the arrival of a courier with dispatches on the subject. In three days our traveller reached Malta, where he found still the same excitement, and the British fleet ready to sail at an hour's notice. The *Caradoc* was to bring the order; but it did not arrive until shortly after the *Osiris* left, and that very evening the fleet sailed for Besika Bay. From Malta he proceeded to Alexandria, and thence in a fresh steamer to Jaffa, where he stayed for the night in the British Consul's house, and set out in the morning with his face towards Jerusalem. Halting at Ramla, and afterwards at Abinosh, on the following morning he comes in sight of Jerusalem, of which he gives us the following picture:

JERUSALEM AS SEEN FROM THE JAFFA ROAD.

Nothing can be more flat and unimposing than the first view of Jerusalem by the Jaffa Road. We passed across a high, bleak tract of country, the surface of which is everywhere so rocky and uneven that the horse stumbles at every step. The hills are totally without character, and the general scene tame, wearisome, and depressing. Here and there, indeed, the rugged slopes are thinly veiled by terraces of grey olives, or a poor looking field of corn seems struggling for life in the arid plain; but the general aspect is sterility itself. In vain do we seek for any indications of that grandeur of situation and magnificence of architecture indelibly associated with our conceptions of a city depicted in such glowing terms by the Hebrew poets; and grievous is the disappointment as a dull line of walls, without any prominent object to relieve their monotony, is pointed out as that Jerusalem of which the imagination had formed so different an idea. As we draw nearer, however, the view becomes somewhat more imposing. The valley of Hinnom slopes down on the right, gradually sinking, till it forms a deep and rugged glen beneath Mount Zion, the walls and towers of which stand out in striking relief. The towers of the citadel have also an imposing effect, increased by its bold outwork and profound fosse, while the Jaffa or Bethlehem Gate, of handsome Saracenic architecture, forms an admirable centre to the picture. The line of walls is here, in all probability, nearly, if not quite identical with that of the first or original wall of Zion, the most ancient of the three by which Jerusalem is defended, although no part that meets the eye appears older than the time of the Saracens. These battlemented bulwarks, flanked with towers, perforated with openings for arrows, and overlapped by a lofty minaret, have a strikingly picturesque effect. Moreover, as this is the principal entrance to the city, it presents, in the morning and evening, a very animated spectacle. Women, bearing baskets of grapes, figs, or pigeons, from the neighbouring villages; peasants, driving before them asses, laden with vegetables; Bedouins, conducting files of camels, bearing masses of stone for new buildings, continue to pour along in a continuous stream. Monks, slowly ambling upon their asses from some of the neighbouring convents, or European residents, dash past from their country houses or summer encampments in the neighbourhood. Large flocks of black-haired goats, from which the city is supplied with milk, ascend from the valley of Hinnom. And at this hour there is a show of life and animation which might seem to indicate an important and flourishing city.

Mr. Bartlett found Jerusalem much improved as a place of residence since his previous visit. It can now boast of two inns—the "Mediterranean" and the "Maltese"—at which travellers are comfortably lodged and boarded, at a cost of from thirty-five to fifty piastres per diem—a price which he considers by no means exorbitant. Decent private lodgings can also be had without much difficulty. "Some persons, however, still

prefer to put up at the Casa Nuova, or new building erected at the Latin Convent for the accommodation of all comers, where the rooms are said to be clean and comfortable." Several new shops are also to be seen, where European necessities and comforts may be procured. "A few new and, for Jerusalem, handsome buildings are erected, and the waste ruinous look of the place is giving way to something a little more modern and habitable." Some part of this improvement is owing to the establishment of the English Protestant Episcopate at Jerusalem. Mr. Bartlett gives, upon the whole, a favourable account of Bishop Gobat and his proceedings. Much good has been done by him, aided by the British Consul, Mr. Finn, and his amiable lady, in the way of instructing the young, and supplying the indigent with medical assistance. There has also been lately established in the city a society, called the "Jerusalem Literary Society," whose chief object is to investigate the different antiquities in the Holy Land, and do what in them lies to insure their preservation. The society has a museum and an excellent library. Interesting papers are from time to time read at its meetings; and a fellowship of art and science is kept up, not only among its members, but among travellers who desire to take part in its proceedings. In the following extract our author sums up his favourable impressions of the

ENGLISH MISSION AT JERUSALEM.

Whatever may be thought of the principle, in a religious point of view, of this mission, one thing is certain, it has undeniably promoted the cause of European civilisation in Jerusalem. Wherever the English establish themselves, they never fail to introduce a higher standard of comfort, improved sanitary regulations, to give a stimulus to industry and agriculture. The neighbouring peasantry find their account in this new state of things, and are increasingly sensible that their interests are interwoven with those of the Franks. They get not only a better market, but better prices also. But this increase of animal comforts is the lowest result that has followed the settlement of the English. A feeling of rivalry on the part of other sects has led them to emulate the educational measures of the mission; and a general activity has succeeded to the stagnant torpor of ignorance and sloth, that has so long settled over the Eastern churches. The society of the place has been enlarged and improved. The consulates of the principal foreign powers are no longer filled up by Syrians, but by educated and often distinguished natives of the different countries represented, who form an intellectual and refined circle; so that in winter, when the city is visited by numerous travellers, as many as fifty or sixty invitations have been issued for an evening party at the consulate. The Franks in the city are now every way in the ascendant; their numbers and influence are continually on the increase, while in both respects the Turks are astedidly losing ground. It should be mentioned, in connection with the increasing influence of the Christians, that the Government of Jerusalem has been changed from that of a simple Arab Mutsellim to a Turkish Pashalic, expressly to protect more efficaciously the various Christian interests of Turkish subjects. The first Turkish Pasha arrived from Constantinople, December 1st, 1840, with the rank of Ferik; since which time the Pashalic has been raised in rank twice.

Several pages of Mr. Bartlett's work are occupied with discussions relative to the sites of sacred and historical events,—the comparative topography of Jerusalem being a matter by no means settled. Such topics, however, are more interesting to the antiquarian than to the general reader. His account of the present condition of the Jewish population is carefully drawn up from authentic sources, but is too long for extract. We shall therefore conclude with one or two brief passages descriptive of localities with which every one is familiar, at least by name. This is his account of the present appearance of the

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

In company with a friend, I set out one afternoon from the Mount of Olives, to retrace the course of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, as far as its junction with that of Hinnom. On arriving at the foot of the hill, I was struck with the alteration made in the Garden of Gethsemane. At the period of my first visit, the eight olive trees, traditionally so regarded, were easily accessible, standing on a plot of ground surrounded only by a low stone fence. But since that time the monks have enclosed these venerated objects of pilgrimage within a high and solid wall; nor is this enough, but they have converted the spot into a trim neat garden, full of flower-beds, thereby entirely destroying that wild and solitary character which gave such effect to the tradition. It must in justice be added, that they have thereby probably done much to preserve the trees, which formerly lay at the mercy of everybody who chose to tear off the bark, or cut down the branches.

The following tells what he saw upon visiting the

CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

The Church of the Sepulchre is opened at certain hours for the performance of Divine Service, though admission may be gained at other times by application at the neighbouring convent. I preferred to visit it in company with my French fellow-traveller at the hour of vespers. I cannot describe the mingled emotions by which I was agitated during our perambulation of this most singular edifice. Its valuable antiquity and gorgeous gloom—its dim recesses and mysterious corridors—its silver lamps and pictures of saints—the clouds of incense—the organ echoing through the lofty vault—the solemn chant of the monks—could not but produce a solemn and affecting influence, and call to mind the long series of pilgrims, monks, and warriors who during so many centuries had worshipped around the sacred tomb. On the other hand, in looking at the dark, unintellectual faces of the monks, redolent of ignorance and fanaticism, “*des vrais brigands*,” as my French friend, with all his piety, correctly denominated them—the evidently formal and ritual character of their worship—everything connected with the place seemed to bear the dark stamp of a superstition, little, if at all, better than that of the old Pagans. Upon some of those monkish figures one could not look without an actual shudder. One miserable creature in particular riveted our attention and is ineffably stamped upon the memory, as bringing before the eye the very figure of an anchorite of the Middle Ages. He was an Abyssinian monk, and exactly resembled a re-animated mummy; his body was shrunk to the mere bone, and the dark brown skin seemed drawn over it like parchment; his vacant eye was deeply sunk; his face totally devoid of any expression but that of the most abject superstition. His whole dress consisted of a loose robe of blue serge, which hung about his emaciated body like a shroud. In his hand was a Psalter, which he continued to mutter with lifeless mechanical devotion. His whole appearance so betokened the very extreme of indigence, if not of actual starvation, that neither of us could refrain from bestowing on him a small alms. In perambulating this church and seeing its every hole and corner occupied by figures such as these—by different sets of warring monks, regarding one another with deadly hatred, exhausting every artifice of petty intrigue to supplant each other in the possession of these gaudy shrines, and often coming to open blows in the very holiest places—there is something so melancholy and degrading in the spectacle, that one almost wishes the place was levelled to the ground, and its dust dispersed to the winds, that Christianity might no longer be thus dishonoured and degraded on the very spot where it first came into existence.

One of the pleasant spots, within a short distance of Jerusalem, is the

CONVENT OF THE CROSS.

It is seen on the right in approaching the city by the Jaffa road, prettily retired in a valley. Riding out one afternoon in company with a friend, in about twenty minutes we reached the sheltered hollow in which it is situated. Like all the convents in Palestine so exposed to the Moslem invasion, its walls are of immense solidity, having few openings by which an entrance could be effected. Notwithstanding this, the Arabs a few years since contrived to make an entrance, and murder the superior. The best view is from a rising ground, whence it appears to great advantage, half-buried in olive-groves, with a background of rocky hills. On obtaining the key we passed through an outer court, and reached the church, with the size and ornament of which we were really surprised. The mosaic pavement was superior to any in Jerusalem. We were now conducted to the spot from which the convent derives its name; for it would have been strange indeed if, in an age which witnessed the discovery, or, as it is otherwise called, the invention of the Holy Cross, should have failed to discover also the precise spot where grew the tree of which it was made; which accordingly is pointed out in a vault behind the altar.

From these extracts, it will be perceived that Mr. Bartlett's “*Jerusalem Revisited*” not only forms an admirable supplement to his previous work, but may be read independently of that, as a pleasing and highly instructive account of the Holy City, as seen by an intelligent traveller in the year of grace 1853.

FICTION.

A TALE, entitled *The Strike*, illustrates the folly of that *ultima ratio* of the working men.—*Castle Acon*, by the author of “*Emilia Wyndham*,” is the last, and one of the most judicious, additions to the “*Parlour Library*.” It is a delightful novel.—The “*Railway Library*” has received an accession in a novel entitled *Electra*, by the author of a popular fiction called “*Rockingham*.”—Mr. John Harwood has endeavoured, and with considerable success, to delineate Russia as it is, in a tale called *The Serf Sisters* (Routledge.) It contains many descriptions of great power.—Mr. Bohn has

issued “an extra volume,” containing *The Exemplary Novels of Miguel de Cervantes*, translated from the Spanish by Mr. W. Kelly. They are acceptable for their great author's sake, but are scarcely worthy of his reputation. They have not the invention and liveliness of Boccaccio, and they want the exquisite humour of Don Quixote. Some of them are said to be narratives of the author's real adventures. They are gracefully written, and the translator has rendered them gracefully. They will be a welcome addition to the library.—*The Exile: a Tale of the Sixteenth Century*, by Philip Phosphorus, is the first essay of a young author, containing more promise than performance. It possesses some of the elements for successful fiction—imagination, power of description, and a lively style in narrative. But he wants dramatic skill, and his characters are not substantial enough. But practice may cure these defects.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Poems. By WILLIAM STEPHEN SANDES. London: Longman and Co.

The Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems. By JAMES D. BURNS, M.A. Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

Lucy; or, Scenes on Lough Neagh. By EDWARD MORSE, A.B. London: Seeley and Co.

BECAUSE we have in many instances encouraged genius in its unripe and undisciplined condition, we are not ignorant of the fact that the stream of poetry just now is turbid and turbulent. It has overflowed in no ordinary degree its natural and legitimate boundary, and spurts itself in frantic force, but as frequently in frantic imbecility, against everything that is sublime on earth or magnificent in the heavens. In many, far too many instances, it is anything but a placid mirror reflecting the peaceful fragmental fires, or representing the stern and solemn struggles of man's heart, or delineating the unaffected flow of a rapture which civilisation has not intensified, and, it is likely, never will.

In America, no less than in England, poetry partakes too much of metaphorical insanity. A large portion of its disciples strut along the pathway of the stars—those shining orbs which Byron has so grandly termed “the poetry of heaven,” with a noise and a bustle to us painfully familiar.

It is idle to say “take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.” But how prevent this? How instruct poets to strike the lyre, golden-stringed and “musical as is Apollo's lute,” rather than roar and bellow through a sort of metrical cornet à piston? The case is difficult of treatment, because the exaggeration of the poet is frequently the exaggeration of genius. Some critics have absurdly thought to write down the exaggeration by denying the genius altogether. This course is very much to be deprecated. Had that very amiable gentleman, Mr. Percy Jones, been perfectly *disinterested*, his “*Firmilian*” had still been a bald and barren mode of encouraging true talent. He in morals is a bad teacher who strives to crush individual vice by obstinately refusing to acknowledge individual virtue; even so is he a dangerous critic—dangerous to genius, and hurtful to the commonwealth—who infers that a poet has no harmony because he is not always harmonious, or no natural beauty because he is sometimes preternaturally vapid. Acknowledging, therefore, the exaggerative tendency of our poets, let us hope that it may not grow into a fashion. Literary *fashion*, as distinguished from literary *taste*, is a very deplorable thing. In history it has often been destructive of fame, which is the legitimate fruit of genius. Thomson abandoned his wonderful revelations of nature, and his gorgeous pictorialisms, for the dramatic rant which some of his contemporaries adopted, and which was the fashion of the day. Fresh and luscious as ever are the “*Seasons*,” but where is “*Sophonisba*”? where “*Agamemnon*”? where “*Edward and Eleonora*”? Passed into the grim and silent tomb of forgetfulness.

No doubt the best way to check any prevailing taste for galvanic minstrelsy is to keep constantly before our readers that which is mild, modest, and chastely blissful. With this object in view we have rescued from a heap of rubbish the three volumes which head our article. They bear singly and collectively the stamp of nature; the mark of a delightful consonance. Each author is coherent, which just now is a rare virtue, and each is contented to pour forth his music as the birds do theirs, making song its own felicity. Not stalwart mind, nor commanding and constructive genius, nor creative power, belong to this bardic

trio; but certain forms of plastic beauty, certain glances and glimpses into nature, into humanity, into man's every day history, and into God's abiding and abounding existence—these are the contents, more or less modified, of the volumes before us. For facility, for the faculty of utterance, for pure metrical rapture, Mr. Sandes occupies a prominent place. The mechanism of his poems is admirable, because he has the art to conceal their contrivance. In this lies the difference between the true artist and the false. Good verse is nothing more, and cannot be anything less, than the genuine modulation of tone, and the genuine consonance of ideas. Unconsecutive thought may possess individual beauty, but it does not constitute the beautiful in a poem. The smallest poem requires a large development of harmony, or it is only a fractional thing—not the perfectionment of high art. Now the fractional beauty—beauty of the most intense and ecstatic kind—of many modern poets has been the instrument of their fame. With becoming courtesy we may say as much of Alexander Smith and Sydney Yendys. We are far from blaming, we even applaud, the public for this; because we are proud to see the public recognise a beauty, come in whatever form or shape it may. It shows that the national pulse throbs towards a healthy, if not the healthiest condition.

There is more unity and deeper uniformity of performance, than ready and accidental strength in Mr. Sandes; and therefore, in the present temper of the public mind, he will not make himself so rapidly or so signally acknowledged. Yet Mr. Sandes is entitled to earnest consideration. He deserves to be read for his flowing verse assuredly; but more for the honest manliness of his thoughts. His muse tingles with the real blood of life, and is not a weakly creature of dyspepsia and consumption. We can do no less than offer a sample of this author's hearty and copious utterance. It is a portion of “*A Summer Reverie*.”

In such a spot, so bless'd, at such an hour,
The poet's tale, according with the scene,
Falls on the listening ear, as with a shower
Of gentle rain, reviving fresh and green
The tender flowers that droop beneath the shade
Of minds by worldly habits overlaid.

The violets of the heart—despite them not,
Because they lack the fragrance of the rose,
Tread them not in the dust; respect the spot
That gives them shelter; hasten not the close
Of their short life: they do not bloom less sweet,
Because their beauties blossom at our feet.

Stoop to them, dwell on them while they are growing,
Think of them lovingly when they are dead;
They ask but little—grudge not the bestowing
Of what suffices them. Where they have shed
The essence of their loveliness around,
They make the heart they hallow holy ground.

They bless it with the breath of gentleness,
To think and care for others' woe and weal;
They temper love with self-devotedness.
Like angel messengers, they make us feel
That men are bound together by the ties
Of all-pervading human sympathies.

A work, very like the last in plastic quality, is the *Vision of Prophecy, and other Poems*, by Mr. Burns. We are contented to accept the author's opinion that his verses are “*rushes woven in random hours*,” for assuredly rushes are often objects of comeliness and grace. How they waved familiarly to the eager eyes of our boyhood! How they quiver invitingly still on the margin of some limpid stream, bringing back once more the time when we used them as mimic spears! Mr. Burns is quite welcome to unpoetise, if he can, the rushes; but why call the lofty vocation of the poet “*idle skill*”? Idle it cannot be, if the poet has drawn from it one throb of delight; and less idle still, if it has found a response in the wide breast of humanity. We are not disposed to consider the poetic art as “*idle skill*,” when our awakened feelings inform us that this poet's verse is as genial as summer, as fertile and as fervid. Gleaming and warm with colour, replete with figural chasteness and artistic completeness, they are the most extraordinary examples of idleness we ever beheld! There is great variety of subjects, and every subject is handled with considerable ability. The scriptural poems—many of which stud and embellish the volume—have none of that cold precision and formal barrenness so common in the attempt to versify portions of Sacred Writ. We hardly know how to particularise the comparative merits of these poems, each one having so much pith, power, and pertinence. One hardly knows which most to admire, the bold and life-like vigour of “*The Dream of Claudia Procula*” or the facile beauty of those “*linked pearls*” called “*Hymns and Meditations*.” The *soul* of poetry pervades and

permeates the entire volume, and he must be dull and torpid indeed who cannot feel its influence.

EVENING PICTURE.

Over the hill-edge ripples the warm light—
One level ray along the sprouting vines
Gleams like a seraph's spear. The dusky lines
Of the far woods grow shapeless on the height,
Where the slow mists fold up their fleeces white,
Now flecked with purple. O'er that cloud of pines
The sky to clearest spirit of air refines,
And a star settles trembling on the seas,
Cool winds are rustling downwards to the seas,
To worn, homeward men benignly given.
From the soft glooms of church-encircling trees,
Fast darkening in the shadows of the even,
The small bells sprinkle pensive cadences,
And Earth is peacefully atoned with Heaven!

THE GRAVE OF DODDRIDGE AT LISBON.

In that fair city by the Tagus' side,
I stood beside the grave which holds in trust,
Until the resurrection of the Just,
The ashes of a spirit glorified.
I thought of how he lived, and how he died,
And how a sacred reverence guards the dust,
And keeps unwashed by sepulchral rust
A name with Heaven and holiness allied.
A bird was singing in the cypress-tops,—
It seemed an echo of the voice which led
The soul to rise to its immortal hopes,
Repeating still the words on earth it said:
Like angels' shadows watching round the dead.

Lucy; or, Scenes on Lough Neagh, which completes our bardic trio, has, like the preceding volumes, much truth and nature, added to its own peculiarly unaffected and picturesque situations. It is not so rich or lustrous in style as the foregoing poems; but it has a charming domesticity, quite refreshing in this age of sputter and clamour. We do not consider the leading poem the surest evidence that Mr. Morse has poetic capacity, though it has its own quiet beauties. We the rather perceive that evidence in the rapidly delineative sketch of the "Scenes and Legends of Lough Neagh." This poem, written in the seven-syllable trochaic measure—a verse by far too crabbed and circumscribed for force or freedom of thought—glitters with descriptive wealth. Its manner is warm and passionate; its verisimilitude vivid. We must object to the frequent capricious change of metre in the leading poem; a change which denotes not a strong and unwearied intellect so much as the trickiness of art. A poet must not be considered in the light of a stage dancer—the most excellent who performs the most steps. Mr. Morse need not fear to try a severer and more prolonged task for his powers—a broader, bolder, and more direct flight into the spirit-world of imagination and song. The strength of his wing will sustain him longer and more surely than he probably at this moment supposes. We quote a passage so full of freedom, light, and elasticity, that the least ideal reader can hardly fail to recognise it as poetry:—

Oh, what happiness to be
Wandering void of care, and free,
By Lough Neagh's inland sea.
Stranger, come and sit with me;
Sunbeams, shining gloriously,
Form a glorious canopy;
Summer's hand has softly spread
Nature's pillow for your head,
Where the honey-sucking bee
Labours, humming drowsily;
Violet here, and daisies there,
Smiling in the sunny air,
Spread a perfumed couch for thee
On yon bank; this inland sea,
Rippling gently at our feet,
Seems with murmuring voice to greet
Those who spend a summer's day
Gazing on Lough Neagh's bay.
Soaring high, yon sea-bird flings
Mimic rainbows from its wings;
Stretching widely to the right,
Far beyond the reach of sight,
'Neath a sky of cloudless hue,
Ting'd with Adriatic blue,
Slumbering in Nature's arms,
Broad Lough Neagh spreads her charms;
To the left new beauties rise
Bright before the joy-struck eyes,
Where soft Nature as her own
Claims the beautiful Tyrone—
Yon blue mountain, towering proudly,
Bounds the trance-entraptured gaze;
There the goat, unchecked and freely,
O'er the fragrant heather plays,—
Hills and smiling vales between,
Mingle sweetly in the scene—
Gaze!—the view will never part
From the vision of your heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Military Forces and Institutions of Great Britain and Ireland: their Constitution, Administration, and Government, Military and Civil.
By H. BYERLEY THOMPSON, Esq. 8vo.
Smith, Elder, and Co. 1855.

UNTIL the appearance of the present useful work,

England was indebted for the best account of the constitution of her army to an intelligent French artillery officer, M. le Baron Charles Dupin, who published about thirty years ago his *Force Militaire d'Angleterre*. Mr. Thompson's book, which is particularly acceptable at the present time, when all minds are more or less pondering military matters, and so many are suggesting military reforms, is rather a succinct and plain account of what the military forces of Great Britain actually are, than a series of ingenious speculations on what they might or ought to be. We will, therefore, rather give, so far as our limits permit, a *résumé* of its contents, than use its title as a peg whereon to hang any dissertation of our own.

It is well, preliminary to any discussion on the constitution and capabilities of the British army, to notice wherein it essentially differs from all Continental armies. In the first place, the ranks of the British army are made up entirely of men who have voluntarily entered them for a specified term of years. We have no conscription, no ballot—at least, not in exercise; no levy *en masse*. The conscription on the Continent does not, indeed, exclude voluntary enlistment; but a knowledge that every man may be compelled to serve deprives voluntarism of much of its native character. The law in France is, that "every Frenchman shall be called upon to serve his country at the age of twenty; nevertheless, any one who wishes to enter the service may enlist at the age of eighteen, and, having satisfied what the law requires, he is exempt from future conscription." The service thus maintained lasts seven years, whether under conscription or enlistment; but it may be voluntarily prolonged for a certain time, and under certain conditions. The conscript may, if he thinks fit, find a substitute; but he remains responsible for that substitute in case of desertion during a year. This manner of filling the ranks brings into them many persons of good education, and thus enables commissions to be conferred on meritorious privates and non-commissioned officers to a much greater extent than is possible in the present composition of the British army. In Prussia, where the law is imperative that every Prussian shall serve, voluntary enlistment is permitted under certain prescribed conditions. Throughout Europe, under different modifications, the same right of the state to the personal military service of every one of its subjects is enforced with more or less stringency; and this principle creates a strong feeling in favour of the military service. It is the favourite profession. No respectable Frenchman or Prussian feels his family disparaged by having a son in the ranks; but an English family in the lowest rank of respectability feels the enlistment of Tom or Harry as a misfortune rather than otherwise. Much has been done unquestionably, of late years, to raise the moral character and improve the material condition of the British private soldier; but an extensive change in our social arrangements and feelings, and much modification of our national habits of thought, must take place before service in the ranks of the army will be regarded by the people of this country in the same light, or in anything like the same light, as it is viewed by the inhabitants of Continental Europe; and until some considerable advance is made in this direction, promotion from the ranks must continue the exception instead of a systematic rule.

The mode of filling the ranks of the British and other European armies respectively being so different, let us see whether there is any intrinsic peculiarity in the several services to affect the popularity of the service to which it attaches. There is one notable distinction between the service of the British soldier and the Continental soldier, which consists in the fact that the Continental soldier has no colonial duty with the exception of Algeria, for France sends her soldiers on no other colonial service—his duty is always performed at home or on active foreign service; whereas the British soldier spends, as of course, two-thirds of his military life in distant colonies. This inevitable separation from home and friends—not on active, exciting foreign service, but in wearisome routine duties in dreary, remote, perchance unwholesome settlements—renders enlistment more unpopular with Englishmen of education and respectable connections than would any amount of danger in the battle-field.

These two considerations, which we can only lightly touch, and which Mr. Thompson treats in detail, sufficiently show the essential difference between British and Continental armies, and

afford a reason for the popular preference in the latter case and the general aversion in the other. The fervid alacrity with which recruits join, and militiamen volunteer for active service at the present period of excitement by no means affects the general argument.

The Sovran—so Mr. Thompson writes the word, and thereby reminds us of our departed friend the *Phonetic Nuz*—the Sovran is the supreme head and captain-general of the army. To the Crown belongs the power of declaring war or peace, though no treaty is binding unless signed by a responsible minister. The power of declaring war is, however, very limited by the necessity of obtaining the approval of the nation, of applying to it for means, and the authority lodged in Parliament to limit or even refuse those means. But when the army is once established by Parliament, its supreme command and organisation are in the hands of the Crown. All commissions, promotions, and rewards flow from that source; but a responsible minister is the only medium of communication between the Crown and the public force. The Secretary of State for War and the Home Secretary are the responsible ministers. The Secretary of State for War has the power, in respect of war, formerly possessed by the Secretary of State for War and the Colonies. He is a member of the Cabinet, and is charged with a general power of issuing instructions for the conduct of the army, with the promotion and direction of military expeditions, and the direction of the troops stationed in the colonies and dependencies of the British Crown. The Secretary of State for the Home Department has the superintendence of the training and exercise of the militia, and the direction of the troops stationed in the United Kingdom.

The Secretary at War was, in his principal duties, the Financial Minister of War; but in the present transition state of our War Department, it is not easy to ascertain upon whom his duties have devolved.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Queen's forces is the chief executive military officer of the army, in respect of the organisation, instruction, and discipline of the army. The Master-General of the Ordnance (a Cabinet Minister) directs the personnel and matériel of the artillery and engineers. The Commander-in-Chief is aided in giving effect to the army by his staff, consisting of his Adjutant-General and Quartermaster-General, and their subordinate officers. The sustenance of the army rests in the hands of the Commissariat, a department of the Treasury which it has been proposed to place under the control of the Master-General of the Ordnance.

Mr. Thompson next proceeds to describe the organisation of the military forces, which he enumerates as follows: the household troops, the infantry of the line, the cavalry of the line, the ordnance corps, consisting of the artillery, engineers and sappers and miners, the marines, the West India regiments, and the colonial corps. These compose the Queen's regular troops; but, in addition, there are several bodies of troops regulated by their own separate laws, and which are raised or collected for special or temporary purposes; such as the militia, the yeomanry cavalry, the fencibles, the volunteer infantry, the dockyard battalions, the enrolled pensioners, and a civic corps enjoying the title of the Honourable Artillery Company.

The word "infantry" is said to be derived from one of the Infantas of Spain, who assembled the first well-ordered body of foot-soldiers possessed by the Castilian monarchy. They received the name of infantry. The British infantry are divided into foot-guards and infantry of the line. The Foot Guards may be looked upon as the nucleus of the British army. Henry VIII. established the yeomen of the guard, now familiarly known as the "Beef-eaters," in 1485, solely for the defence of his own person, and rather, perhaps, even at that time, as the King's domestic servants than as soldiers. Their number was at first fifty, and never exceeded two hundred. A kind of regular troops, however, chiefly accustomed to the use of artillery, was maintained in the few fortified places where it was thought necessary or practicable to keep up a show of defence, as the Tower of London, Portsmouth, the Castle of Dover, the Fort of Tilbury, and, before the Union, Berwick-upon-Tweed—the "our Town of Berwick-upon-Tweed" of the fire briefs read in our churches not many years ago. The Foot Guards were first raised in 1660, when the command of the first regiment was given to Thomas

Lord Wentworth; that of the second, to General Monk, then Duke of Albemarle; and that of the third, to the Earl of Linlithgow. The second regiment is always called the Coldstreams, from a market-town in Berwickshire, where it was first embodied. This regiment is older than the first (*nulli secundus*), having been raised sooner by General Monk, from whom it was often called Monk's regiment, and in compliment to whom it was made one of the three royal regiments of Guards by Charles II. The order of precedence now is, first the Grenadier Guards, then the Coldstreams, and Scots Fusiliers next. The Household Brigade consists of three regiments, seven battalions, 6478 soldiers, including officers and men. Each regiment is commanded by a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, with a surgeon-major, and a solicitor; each battalion by a major, with a surgeon and his assistants; lastly, each company by a captain, one or more lieutenants, and an ensign.

There are 99 regiments of infantry of the line, to which must be added the Rifle Brigade. The 1st, or Royal Regiment; the 60th, or King's Royal Rifle Corps; and the Rifle Brigade, have two battalions each. The ordinary strength of a regiment of infantry of a single battalion is 750, and where there are two battalions, 1250. One battalion, with which the senior lieutenant-colonel is stationed, is called the head-quarter battalion; the other is called the reserve. There are thus 103 battalions in the infantry of the line, each capable of being raised by the estimates of the present year to 1000 rank and file each, with the exception of the 12th Regiment, which reckons 1200—making the rank and file of the infantry of the line, on the war footing, 103,200. Each battalion has about 40 officers; the 12th, 50; and from 74 to 79 non-commissioned officers, trumpeters, and drummers; the 12th having 92. The rank and file, therefore, on a war footing, reach 110,192; and with officers of all ranks, attain the effective force of 121,994 men. This may be yet increased. At the close of the last war very few regiments reckoned less than two battalions; and one, the 60th (Duke of York's), attained no less than eight battalions, numbering in all 9236 officers and men, in itself a little army: there were, besides, five additional regiments (100 to 104). Amongst the Queen's regular infantry must be reckoned the Royal Marines, a corps which ranks between the 49th and 50th regiments. The Marines number about 11,000, and are divided into four divisions, having head-quarters respectively at Chatham, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Woolwich: there are also several artillery companies attached to the corps. The volunteer corps reckon between 14,000 and 15,000 men: they have of late years been gradually decreasing. In 1835 they numbered nearly 20,000. It is not improbable that the present war may increase their force again. They are chiefly yeomanry cavalry. The dockyard battalions were created some years back in order to increase the home defensive force. The superintendents, clerks, and labourers in the dockyards have been formed into brigades and battalions, officered (royal commissions being granted to each officer), and placed upon the same footing as other volunteer corps.

There is a large body of enrolled pensioners, who are annually called out for training, and number 18,500 men, 2000 of which serve in the colonies. We now come to the cavalry. The cavalry of the Guards is composed of the Life Guards and Horse Guards. They derive privileges of rank and pay from the body-guard originally raised by Charles II. from amongst the impoverished gentlemen who had followed the part of his father in the civil war. They were, however, disbanded in 1788, George III. retaining only the skeleton of a regiment. A new corps was then raised, composed almost entirely of recruits. At present there are three regiments—two of Life Guards, clothed in scarlet, and the Horse Guards, clothed in blue. Until 1788, the body-guards had more than triple the pay of the Dragoons; at present a guardsman only gets 3d. a day more than a common trooper, and a foot-guard only 1d. a day more than a private of the line.

There are twenty-four corps of cavalry of the line, who all go by the general name of dragoons; of these seven are called Dragoon Guards. These twenty-four regiments are divided into Heavy Cavalry, and Light Cavalry: there are eleven regiments of Heavy Cavalry, attired in scarlet, nine of Light Dragoons, of which five regiments are Hussars, whose uniform is blue; and four regiments of Lancers, of which three wear a blue

uniform and one scarlet. The strength of the non-commissioned staff and troopers varies from 350 to 450; but is increased on a regiment going into field service. During the last war the average force of the regiments was as high as 900 men; some amongst them were even 1200.

To hasten over this dry statistical portion of Mr. Thompson's book, we will only name without dwelling upon the corps of Guides, recognised as a specific force in the Queen's Regulations, but no longer organised; the Waggon Train, organised during the late war, but disbanded at the peace, and of which our army so sorely felt the want in the Crimea, and lastly that important *arme*—the Artillery. Upon this last force we would gladly expatiate; but we fear wearying our readers with these dry details, and promise to proceed to more interesting military matters in a subsequent number. Such as the Civil and Military Administration of the Army, Courts Martial, Military Education, and other topics in which the public are now taking a warm interest.

(To be continued.)

An exposition of the regulations affecting the *Crown Lands of Australia* has been published by Mr. W. Campbell, late a member of the Legislative Council of Victoria. They who are interested in this question will find all the facts collected for them in this pamphlet.—We have a great aversion to burlesques generally. They are a low kind of wit, and a poor substitute for original invention. *Blue Beard*, however, is a tempting theme, and the pencil has combined with the pen to produce a little book for children which will amuse them: (Chapman and Hall.)—To the "Useful Library" there have been some additions: *Landmarks in the History of England*, the substance of some lectures, by the Rev. J. White, and *Transatlantic Wanderings*, by Captain Oldmixon, an importation from America, we believe. The style is rough but expressive.—*A Romance of the Bush*, by E. P. R. (Blackwood and Co.) is a short story, the object of which, or why it is published, we cannot guess. Truly it was scarcely worth the cost. It was better fitted for a magazine.—*Political Sketches*, by Carl Retslag, is an expansion of a lecture on the Struggles of the Age. It is an energetic advocacy of the democracies, and it puts in strong language the views of the revolutionary party in Europe.—*The Crimea*, by a Lady (Partridge and Co.), is another of the books of the day, containing a popular and carefully written description of that renowned country.

—The first volume of a new edition of *Smyth's Lectures on Modern History* appears in Bohn's "Standard Library." They were originally delivered to the University of Cambridge, in which the author was Professor of History. They were first published in the year 1839, and have since maintained a high place in the esteem of the learned. Being only lectures, and designed for delivery to an audience, they are rightly composed in more familiar language than would become a formal history, and the limits of a mere lecture necessarily forbade minute details. The lecturer could not attempt more than a survey of the great features of European history. But in this lies the value of the work. It exhibits causes, combinations, and results, too often overlooked by those who are labouring to master minute details. A perusal of this sketch of the modern history of Europe should precede the study of the particular history of each country.—The fourth volume of *Adison's Works*, in Bohn's "British Classics," contains the papers contributed by him to the *Spectator*, *Guardian*, and other periodicals. This edition is annotated and edited by the Bishop of Worcester.—*Our Heroes of the Crimea* is a collection of memoirs of officers who have distinguished themselves in the war, by Mr. G. Ryan.—An anonymous writer has published a volume on the *Relative Rights and Interests of Employer and Employed*, in which he discusses temperately the whole question, and reviews the operation of strikes. But his views are certainly opposed to all existing opinions—as this, for instance, that purely charitable acts are those, and those only, which confer a permanent benefit on the recipient; whereas all experience says that nothing so defeats itself, or is so injurious to the recipient, because it destroys self-reliance and self-respect. We fear *Justitia* is very visionary.—*Sketches of Lancashire Life and Localities*, by Edwin Waugh, describes itself. It is a volume of local interest and value, which every Lancashireman will peruse with pleasure.—*Pictures of Town* is a reprint of some clever papers that have appeared in the magazines. They well describe some of the remarkable localities and objects in the metropolis.—A little book addressed to the demand of the moment is *The Crimea; with a Visit to Odessa*, by Charles W. Koch. It is published in one of the cheap "Libraries."

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

Bentley's Miscellany, like all its contemporaries, is engrossed by subjects relating to the war—"The Black Sea," "The Russians at Home," "The late Czar," &c. But these now wearisome topics are relieved by

Mr. Ainsworth's romance of "The Spendthrift," an Essay on De Quincey, and a novel by Shirley Brooks, called "Aspen Court."

The *Dublin University Magazine* travels out of the track in clever and interesting papers on "The Dramatic Writers of Ireland," on "Poetry," and a lively poem called "Flights to Fairyland." It contains also Memoirs of James Montgomery and the Countess of Blessington.

The *Eclectic Review* discourses learnedly and vigorously, as is its wont, on "The Results of the Census," on "Arnold's Poems," "Huc's Travels," &c. "Church-rate Legislation" is the subject of its political article.

Mr. E. Macrory has commenced the publication of a series of *Reports of Patent Cases*, which will doubtless interest the mercantile community.

Chambers's Journal for March renews the most interesting of its recent contents, the report of Mr. W. Chambers of his experiences in the United States during a tour of inspection two years ago. It also continues a novel which we cannot so much commend, by Mr. St. John, entitled "Maretime." The other papers, as usual, are instructive and sensible.

The 8th and 9th parts of Mr. Westwood's *Butterflies of Great Britain* complete a volume of great beauty and worth.

The 48th part of *The Crystal Palace* completes that costly work.

Part 3 of *The Ferns of Great Britain*, by Mr. Sowerby and Mr. C. Johnson, contains three coloured engravings, with scientific and popular descriptions.

The Land we Live in, Part 12, describes the county of Kent, and is illustrated with a multitude of beautiful engravings.

Blackwood is full of interesting matter this month. The continuation of the best history of the campaign in the Crimea that has yet been published will be the first attraction to every reader, and after that the further chapters of "Zaidee." A Letter from Paris contains all the gossip of that city.

The *Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal* is a new quarterly, to be devoted to science, or rather it is a new series of an old and much-esteemed publication. The principal topics treated of are the Air Engine; the Introduction of the German Races into Europe, by Dr. Wilson; the Changes in the Area of the Irish Sea, by the Rev. J. G. Cumming; and the Mechanical Antecedents of Motion, Heat, and Light; the Glacial Phenomena of Scotland and the North of England, by Robert Chambers; a Notice of the late Professor Forbes; proceedings of societies; and reviews of scientific books, &c.

The *Irish Quarterly Review* for March is livelier than its predecessor, having less of political and social economy and more of polite literature. The Biography of John Banim is continued, with elaborate extracts from his correspondence. The Poets of Labour; the Romance of Life; the Life of a Showman; Mrs. Jamieson's Common-place Book; and the Ancient Manuscripts in Trinity College, Dublin, are the other subjects treated of, and all of them in a peculiarly pleasant readable fashion.

HOW THOMAS CARLYLE TELLS AN ANECDOTE OF MARECHAL DE SAXE.—Maréchal de Saxe, like his father, was an immensely strong man. Walking once in the streets of London, he came into collision with a dustman—had words with the dustman, who perhaps had splashed him with his mud shovel, or the like. Dustman would make no apology—willing to try a round of boxing instead. Moritz grasps him suddenly by the back of his breeches—whirls him aloft in horizontal position—pitches him into his own mud-cart, and walks on.—*Westminster Review*.

FIAT JUSTITIA, &c.—In Hon. Chas. Sumner's late discourse before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston, he alluded to the origin of the common Latin quotation, *Fiat justitia; ruat cælum*—"let justice be done, though the heavens fall." He remarks that, though of classical stamp, it could not be traced to any classical source, and is supposed to have been coined by Lord Mansfield on the interesting occasion which called it forth. It was at the trial of an African fugitive slave, who was arrested in the neighbourhood of London, where he had been residing some time Granville Sharpe, who had already become conspicuous for his anti-slavery principles, came to the rescue of the fugitive; and, under the writ of *habeas corpus*, brought the case before the King's Bench on the 20th of February, 1771, Lord Mansfield being at the time Chief Justice. The whole defence was based upon the principle that the British Constitution did not admit of property in man. The timid Chief Justice sought to escape the issue; but the determined philanthropist held him to the simple decision on this point, and the well-known result, drawn from reluctant lips, was: "If the parties will have judgment, *fiat justitia, ruat cælum*—let justice be done, whatever may be the consequences." He declared that "tracing slavery to natural principles, it can never be supported: that slavery cannot stand on any reason, moral or political, but only by virtue of positive law; and that in a matter so odious, the evidence and authority of the law must be taken strictly." No such law could be shown in England; he, therefore, concluded, "Let the negro be discharged."—*Correspondence of the National Magazine* (U.S.)

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

THE first volume of the *Mémoires* of M. Dupin has just been published. Another era of memoirs appears to have commenced. Some have a right to speak of themselves—of what they have heard, seen and experienced. The duty of many others, who have recently written, should have been silence. Barnum chuckles over his rogueries; Veron, of Paris, of his adventures in the *coulisses*. Some take as much pride in publishing their own shame as others take just pride in publishing their virtues. Then, again, we find, in these latter days, that if a man has nothing to say of himself, he evokes the manes of his grandfather or grandmother, or unele paternal or maternal. There was once a freebooter yclept Jeremiah—in familiar language Jerry,—with the surname of Abershaw. He was wont to help himself to whatever came first to hand. He did his duty graciously when he could, ungraciously when he could not do otherwise. His logic was emitted from the bowels of a blunderbuss. Justice one day found him tripping, and, taking a string out of her pocket, suspended him with the said string to a post, somewhere about Kennington-common. One of Jerry's descendants has been haunting the reading-rooms of the British Museum lately. He gives lusty calls for the Newgate Calendar, Tyburn ballads, and consults *Heralds' Visitations* and *Burke's Landed Gentry* for arms and pedigrees. We suspect that we shall have to notice the memoirs of Jeremiah one of these fine days. But let us back to our beginning.

None living have better right to publish memoirs than have the Dupins. Dupin-philosopher it was once our good fortune to encounter, some score years ago. His complexion was sallow. He looked like a man who indulged in tobacco or poppy. It is possible that he neither inhaled the one or whiffed the other. We valued his hat at a small figure. We should have hesitated to give Holywell-street price for his outer garments. To our overfed eyes, in gentility, he looked altogether most seely. In point of height, as you may measure a militiaman, we were on a level. Stunted corporals in that respect, both. But we felt as if we stood in the presence of a giant. Hat, coat and boots, we no longer saw. The integuments were shabby enough; but he who had peered into the heavens, who had weighed the earth, who had investigated and made himself master of those small national accounts, amounting to millions, of which Master John Bull thinks little or nothing, had a claim upon our reverence. It is of Dupin-advocate we have to speak. This first volume of memoirs will be followed by three others. M. Dupin does not pretend to write historical memoirs; he wishes only, as he says in his introduction, to fix certain *souvenirs*, and to leave to his family and friends of the bar—to the magistracy before whom he has passed more than twenty years of his life—to his fellow-citizens, who have honoured him so often with their suffrages—to his country, and finally to posterity—facts, reflections, and opinions which he has ascertained or formed in the course of a long and laborious career. There is much modesty in this; but, notwithstanding, much must be expected of the man who has passed such a career. There is much order in this first volume. It commences with an introduction which comprises an account of his early legal studies, and of his pleadings at the French bar up to 1815. Here he treats of the legal events of the Restoration, of the affair of Marshal Ney, of De Brune, De Montey, of the three Englishmen who effected the deliverance of Lavalette. The second part has reference to the French press; the third to matters civil; and the fourth, and perhaps the most interesting part, relates to the private affairs of the House of Orleans, to which House, as every one knows, M. Dupin was councillor and advocate. The appendices to the work greatly enhance its value. The opinions of the author may be rejected. His documentary facts stand. It is easy to see his leanings and sympathies. They are all with legitimacy.

A work of some interest, from the pen of Théodore Juste, will shortly appear in Brussels, *La Vie de Marie de Hongrie*—Mary of Hungary, the valiant sister of Charles V., who governed, with powerful hand, the provinces of Belgium

for a quarter of a century, and whose heroic devotion to the independence of the Low Countries affords such noble examples. The political life of the illustrious regent of the Netherlands presents, at the same time, a picture of Europe from the day when Hungary succumbed under the invasion of the Turks till the moment when Charles V. retired to the monastery of Yuste. We shall thus possess, for the first time, the complete history of Mary of Hungary, traced from the State Papers of the epoch, and from other inedited documents. The work will form an introduction to the *Histoires de Pays-Bas sous Philippe II.* the publication of which is looked for with some impatience.

A literary curiosity has just appeared in two volumes, the *Correspondance inédite de Stendhal*. Stendhal was a writer of great independence of spirit and much originality. His volumes will consequently be read with avidity, to learn his sentiments respecting the writers, poets, painters, and musicians of the day.

Birds and bards begin to sing and warble simultaneously. M. Victor de Laprade has recently put forth a volume of verses; and to-day is expected to appear a new volume by the republican bard of France, Victor Hugo, with the title *Contemplations*. A pretty little book has also been ushered into the world, the *Legendes fleuries* of the Marquis de Belloy, who sings of philosophy and Catholicity; who, in turn, is contemplative, and dreamy, and antiquarian, drawing in aspiration from memories of the past. When in none of these moods, he is satirical and ironical, as may be seen in a remarkable poem entitled *Lalith*.

The last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* contains several articles of much general interest. One gives us information of the Zouaves, another of the Bedouins, and a third—and one which ought to be turned into the English tongue for general information—on the collieries and colliers of Belgium.

From Germany we have various poetical effusions; but not a verse worth translating.

FRANCE.

Histoire de la Vie et de l'Administration, &c. ("History of the Life and Administration of Cardinal Ximenes.") By MICHAEL BAUDIER, Gentleman of the Household of Louis XIII.; annotated by EDMOND BAUDIER. Paris (London: Rolandi). 8vo.

AFTER a peaceful slumber of two centuries, Michael Baudier, historiographer of France—designated in royal warrants "our dear and well-beloved, one of the gentlemen of our household, our counsellor and historiographer"—has been awakened by a descendant, justly proud of his name and of his merits as a historian. He appears before us as an honest and painstaking writer, minute and methodical rather than philosophical, dealing out his facts with much modesty, seldom attempting any great rhetorical feat, and contenting himself, at most, with embroidering an axiom or putting a frill around a moral maxim—exercise harmless enough where you can count the stitches and be certain that you are handling starch. We shall not trouble the reader with a list of his writings, which were many, touching Turks, Tartars, Chinamen, Englishmen, and Frenchmen; but shall introduce him at once to the work before us, which begins with a small flourish to this effect: "Kings, who are the masters of the good things of this world, bestow on men the gifts of fortune; but the sun, which is the king of stars and the first of fecund causes, enriches them with those of nature, so that the regions which this eye of heaven regards most favourably produces things more excellent than others, and the men therein born are endowed with the rarest qualities of nature." The author shows that Spain, being a region well lit up by the sun, must necessarily have produced great men; and of these, among others, "there was born Francis Cardinal Ximenes, of the noble family of Cisneros." He was of a noble family, says our historian; but his enemies, when alive, would have it that Ximenes was of most ignoble stock, and intimated as much as that they, gentlemen of the first water, grandees of the purest blood of

Castile, were degraded by being kept in proper order by a monk—a mere literate upstart. So has it ever been. When a man has greatness thrust upon him, he is of gentle birth, and can prove that his ancestors were small landed gentry about the time when Nimrod had his hunting quarters somewhere on the plains of Nineveh, no one caring to dispute the point with him; but when he has achieved greatness, it is the proper vocation of an envious public to declare that he is of base blood, and to show that his mother darned stockings and his father trundled a wheel-barrow. Wolsey's father was a butcher; Cromwell's was a brewer. Both Cardinal and Protector were great men—men who achieved greatness; but a censorious world would not let the one forget that his father slaughtered calves fat and lean, nor the other that his sire brewed beer small and beer strong. Sir Topaz was knighted because he chanced to be Lord Mayor when Elizabeth passed through Temple-bar; no one cares to remind him that he once retailed fig-dust, or that he cast dust in the eyes of maids and matrons when they came to purchase his small wares of haberdashery. But to the matter in hand.

Towards the last quarter of the fifteenth century there was one Alfonso, of the family of the Cisneros, who earned his eggs and garlic by collecting, in the diocese of Toledo, the dimes of the clergy, granted by the Pope to the King of Spain—no agreeable office we should suppose, for whoever looked with kindly eye upon a gatherer of taxes? In his rounds Fate threw him in the way of the Dona Marina de la Torre, "a damsel of honest family," whom he married, having offspring by her of several children, whereof Ximenes was the eldest, who received in baptism his father's name Alfonso—a name which this Alfonso changed into Francisco when he entered the order of Saint Francis. In his boyhood he learned the rudiments of the Latin tongue and good manners in the town of Alcalá de Henares, and from thence he was sent to learn something better in the university of Salamanca—"the laws which regulate the goods of men." He was a student in civil and canon law, and earned his bread, as many a poor scholar has to do now, by teaching others. From the study of law he soared, in time, to the study of theology and of the oriental languages. Tired at length with attempting to make bright lights out of dull scholars, he resolved to try his fortunes in Rome, hoping to drink wisdom and knowledge at the fountain-head. He received the paternal benediction, a slender purse, and with a lean wallet set forth on his travels. On his way he fell among thieves, who evilly entreated him. A Samaritan, a former fellow-student at Salamanca, came to his rescue, and found him the means, in money and garments, of pursuing his journey. Not long had he been in Rome, employed as an advocate "for the men of his nation who pleaded before the tribunals of the Church," when the death of his father recalled him to Spain, where he devoted himself to care for his mother and his young orphan brothers. A dispute with the Archbishop of Toledo, respecting a benefice to which he was, papally, entitled, placed him in the tower of Uceda, a prison-house which he afterwards converted into his treasury—"for," says our historian, "great minds make the disgraces of the world a treasury of riches." Here he was consoled by a fellow-prisoner, an aged priest, who spake to him in this manner: "The wise man, Ximenes, is free everywhere, and virtue, which believes in no servitude but in that of vice, does not lose its liberty in chains;" as if he had said, in the words of the poet:

Stone bars do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.

He comforted him, however, by reminding him that Juan Zerezueta had been shut up as closely in the same prison, and left it Archbishop of Toledo; saying farther: "Certes, since I see such innocence in your face and the majesty of your brow, my heart predicts that you will have a similar fortune." The prediction of the old priest in time was verified. Through the Countess de Bondiño, the sister of the vexed Archbishop, he finally obtained his liberty, and, leaving the diocese of Toledo, went to reside in that of Sigüenza, where he got employment as chap-

lain—a poor curate, thinking himself happier than had he been a rich prebendary. And now, saith Baudier—

The love of letters, which is a noble affection of fine souls, made him retire from the conversation of the world to occupy himself with books. He learned the Hebrew and Chaldean languages. His life was retired, but his reputation grew; for the rays of virtue show from afar the man who possesses it, even when he thinks himself hidden.

The Bishop of Sigüenza made the emancipated priest his vicar, with full care of his diocese; and the Count of Cifuentes, Alfonso de Selva, made him, while yet in prison, administrator general of his domains, "on account of his probity and sound understanding." But the man had now taken a distaste for the world, and when Fortune followed him he fled her. He joined the Order of Saint Francis in Toledo, "to enjoy God and to devote himself to prayer and study." It was now he dropped the name of Alfonso and took that of Francis, resigning, at the same time, his living to his brother Bernardino, who afterwards endeavoured to choke him by stuffing a counterpane in his mouth when he was sick in bed. It was in vain that he quitted the world for a cloister. His fame had gone abroad. He became the favourite confessor of the city, and was sought out by those who had a care for their souls; ladies of rank even, we read, seeking after him, some for his ghostly counsels, some to gratify their curiosity in beholding a man so renowned for his sanctity and wisdom. From his cell he was called to court and made confessor to Queen Isabella, who afterwards, and sore against his will, nominated him to the archbishopric of Toledo, the first ecclesiastical dignity in Spain; and thus was accomplished the prediction which the aged priest had made while he was in prison. This change of circumstances did not change his manner of life. He was still the devotee, wearing sandals and shirt of hair, and issued from the palace to practise only the austerities of his order. When a simple monk he went his rounds, as bound to do, with staff in hand and a beggar's wallet on his back, to collect the alms of the faithful; but as a beggar he made bad speed. "You will do well to give up begging," said a companion, "for I perceive, father, that you are born to bestow rather than to beg." We shall quote the historian to show his manner of life.

Raised to be archbishop of Toledo, Ximenes had then just right to meddle with public affairs, as one of the most considerable persons in the state. In this sudden change of fortune, his constancy remained firm to the resolutions of virtue; nevertheless there was nothing base in him; his soul, which was great, was capable of filling the highest dignities; he continued simple only in a religious life. Piety has produced abundance and riches in the Church of God, and the disorders of the world have made the daughter devour the mother, so that there are ecclesiastics more rich than pious. Ximenes was not of this number, and preserved always inviolable, in the midst of the treasures of his great revenue, that poverty which raises great men above fortune, and which consists in the sober use of things perishable. Besides this he practised the religious poverty of his order; not to surrender the least part of it, he took the trouble to mend with his own hands his religious robe, and for this purpose he retired to a secret place, far from the eyes of his domestics. After his death there was found in a box, the key of which he kept while alive, darning-needles, a thimble, and thread the colour of his frock. He slept upon a small bed, which he kept concealed in the chamber where was his bed of state; and that his servants might not see it, he lay down and arose alone, the door being also locked. He went into the country mounted upon an ass, and followed by a troop of monks of his own order. His house, his family, his table, did not derogate from his vow of poverty. The large revenue of the Primate of Spain was employed in works of piety; the poor received the half of his income; he called them lords and the proprietors of his revenue.

The pride of the Spanish bishops was wounded by the man's simplicity. Pope Alexander VI. could not understand such a shabby archbishop, and ordered him to adopt a style of living more becoming his high dignity. "My dear son," wrote the Pope, "the Holy Church, as you know, resembles the heavenly Jerusalem:—modest and humble, she still has, according to Scripture, her jewels and ornaments." The prelate obeyed. His table was better covered; his beds were decked with silk; his earthen porringer was exchanged for a vessel of silver; and his household furniture considerably augmented. "But," says the historian quaintly, "in making his cross of pure gold, he did not become a wooden archbishop." With all this humility, there was a despotism in his character, which

soon manifested itself, and sometimes usefully. Reforms were needed, both in Church and State; and the Archbishop showed himself a reformer in earnest, much to the dissatisfaction of such of the clergy as desired a life of ease, and indulged in habits of profligacy; much also to that of the nobility, whose power he abridged, and whose insolence he checked. He carried matters with such high hand that his life was often in danger. He had a strong notion, further, that the Moors should be made good Christians, and prosecuted the work of conversion with his usual zeal, but to such a length, that the interests of the kingdom were almost compromised, and for which he got no thanks from his sovereigns. He must have been an eloquent and persuasive preacher, rivalling the apostle Peter himself, since "he preached to these Mohammedans (the Moors) with such fervour, that in one day he converted three thousand to the Christian faith; and because it was impossible to have them baptised at the same time, according to the usual forms of baptism, he took a holy-water sprinkler, and, causing the baptismal water to be carried by his side, he baptised them by besprinkling them with this water, the aspersion being considered equivalent to simple immersion." So, we believe, did Father Xavier to the Christians among the Hindoos. Preceded by a little chorister in white, ringing a bell, the inhabitants of the town or village came forth, more from motives of curiosity than devotion. They listened to the recitation of the *Credo*, in vile Hindostanee, with civility. They did not stone the preacher because he was a most inferior pundit; and the preacher, interpreting the silence of his auditory into a belief in his doctrine, saw before him bands of Heathens converted into Christians, who were not unwilling to be sprinkled at his hands, as if in baptism. However we may regard the conversion feats of the Archbishop of Toledo at the present day, in his own time they were regarded as real. The Archbishop of Grenada, haranguing him upon his apostolic triumphs, said, among other things: "My lord, I can say, without intending to flatter you, that your victories surpass those of the King; he has gained stone walls, and you have gained souls to God."

After the death of Isabella, Ximenes was appointed regent of the kingdom. His administration then, as afterwards when in the plenitude of power, was vigorous but just. He had no favourites, no useless mouths in the royal palaces; but he had many enemies. He subdued factions, averted civil war, and contributed greatly to consolidate the monarchy of Spain. The nobles were intriguing and mercenary. Like Walpole in after days, he knew the price of those he had to deal with, and acted his part accordingly. It was through his ability and policy that Ferdinand, who upon the death of Isabella was obliged to resign the sovereignty of Castile, was again acknowledged king. Upon this occasion Ximenes was recompensed with a cardinal's hat, and the title of Cardinal of Spain.

Ximenes had distinguished himself as a zealous priest, a profound statesman and diplomatist; it was now reserved for him to make himself conspicuous as a general. He undertook an expedition against the Moorish pirates of Africa. He placed himself at the head of the army, made himself master of the port and then of the citadel of Oran, where he entered in the midst of his cannons and warriors, preceded by his episcopal cross carried by a monk. Spain rejoiced; Ferdinand was jealous. The return of the victorious priest chagrined the monarch greatly. For a while the minister was in disgrace; but the interests of the public triumphed over the bad humour of Ferdinand, and Ximenes was restored to favour. Ferdinand died, and by his testament Ximenes, now an old man, was again made regent of the kingdom, during the absence of Charles, the Archduke of Austria, afterwards the celebrated Emperor Charles V. Still he showed himself the faithful subject, the profound politician, the superior minister. As a first act of authority, Ximenes made Charles take the title of King of Castile and Aragon, although his mother, Joan the Crazy, was still alive. The grandees resisted and protested against this violation of royal custom. "You are not wanted to give your advice here," cried the Cardinal, "but to show your submission. The King does not require the suffrage of his subjects. . . . He will be proclaimed King in Madrid to-day, and the other towns will follow the example." Failing in this direction, the nobles assailed the minister at another point. A deputation was

sent to him, to demand him to show the title by virtue of which he governed the country. The old man led them into the tower where, as a simple monk, he had been confined a prisoner, and where now his own and the royal treasures were kept. He calmly opened the windows, and pointed to the guards ranged in order of battle on the plain beneath. He made a signal, and a triple salute of artillery shook the air. Pointing again to his soldiers and to his coffers, he said: "These are my powers!"

Ximenes must be held in remembrance as a scholar and as a patron of literature. His own studies led him far beyond the customary learning of his age. He was learned in theology no less than in civil and canon law. As a philologist he was equal to any of his greatest contemporaries. He founded the university of Alcalá. He assisted in editing the famous Polyglott Bible which passes under the name of the *Complutensian* version, in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Chaldaic, which cost him more than fifty thousand crowns of gold. His various talents are summed up by the editor of Michel Baudier's history thus:—

Ximenes had the talents of an administrator as well as of a politician. He greatly reformed the financial system, and, to obviate the exactions of subalterns appointed to receive the public revenues, he established a system exactly similar to that which we now call Income and Expenditure; then he admitted the burgesses of every town to collect the municipal revenues, under condition of handing over to the treasury the gross sum. As a justiciary in his own diocese, he instituted peace tribunals, wherein summary judgment was given, without expense or written documents. He introduced into Spain the sort of instruction given to children by the clergy, under the name of Catechism. In fine, he instituted a registry of births, marriages, and deaths.

The editor, writing as a Frenchman, further says:—

Whatever may be our admiration of the statesmen whose talents have shed a lustre upon their country, there are few who can be compared to Ximenes. Pious as Segur, but of greater intelligence; exact and laborious as Ambrose, but with a rigidity of conscience, and a morality greater still; firm and intrepid as Richelieu, but of a firmness which excluded neither justice nor mercy; clever and adroit as Mazarin, but with a pliancy which conciliates itself with honesty of intention and probity of character; an irreproachable priest a statesman of vast and deep conceptions; a devoted minister; a diplomatist full of penetration, acuteness, and resources; an able general—Ximenes displayed throughout his long and glorious life an indomitable energy, an heroic dignity, in the midst of the numerous obstacles which events, hatred, and envy had strewn in his path. Nothing was wanting to complete his glory, not even the ingratitude of the masters whom he had served so effectively.

After reading the life and services of Cardinal Ximenes, and the reward he received, we feel almost bound to subscribe to the doctrine that kings are the shabbiest of mortals. Charles V., on his entry into Spain, disgraced the man who had long upheld his kingdom with power and dignity. The Cardinal died; and the Monarch never saw the man who had contributed so largely to his renown as a sovereign.

Of the several French writers who have written respecting Cardinal Ximenes, three have been distinguished—Baudier, Marsollier, and Fléchier, Bishop of Nîmes. All have drawn from original sources. Baudier is the most complete, Marsollier the more learned, and Fléchier the most agreeable writer. This annotated edition is creditable to a namesake and descendant of Baudier, the historiographer of France, the well-beloved of the household of Louis XIII.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, March 27.

The most accredited report of the day is, that the Emperor and Empress are to pay a visit to her Majesty and Prince Albert, in the first fortnight in April. Paris has become more gay, weary of waiting for the capture of Sebastopol; the balls and parties, for some time out of vogue, have lately taken place in unparalleled numbers. The police returns—for the police reports contain everything here—giving no less than four hundred and eighty balls, public and private, on the night of *Mi-Carême*—the middle of Lent.

M. Thiers is recovering from his accident—that of breaking his arm by a fall in his garden a few weeks ago—and would have been already himself but for the singularly unfavourable weather we have of late experienced. He continues his literary labours, but, the fracture being of the right arm, is now obliged to employ an amanuensis for the first time; his mul-

titidinous works in politics, finance, and history, having all been written with his own hand. It is understood that he is preparing a revised edition of the *Revolutions Françaises*, in which case it is to be hoped he will make considerable alterations in it; for at present that much over-praised work is rather a sketch of that great catastrophe than a history properly so called. What can be thought of a history of the French Revolution in which the part taken by the incendiary press, in its frightful excesses, are either overlooked or softened down, so as to leave its enormities out of sight. In fact, M. Thiers wanted the moral courage for his task. He knew the facts, but dared not state them; because, while writing a history he was a minister-expectant, and preferred to sacrifice his character as a historian to provoking the enmity of the republican party and the revolutionary press. Hence it is that *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* is so immeasurably superior to that of the Republic.

Talking of M. Thiers recalls a little passage at arms between him and the Count de Morny, General Changarnier, and Doctor Veron, arising from the account given by the latter in his *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris* of a meeting held at the house of M. Thiers, in 1849, by the three personages above-named. The object was, according to the Doctor, to get up a *coup-d'état* with a view to the re-establishment of the monarchy. The story was formally denied by M. Thiers. On this the *bourgeois de Paris*, as the worthy Doctor delights to call himself, betakes himself to M. de Morny, who had evidently furnished him with the account of the meeting in question, requesting him to set the matter right. M. de Morny accordingly furnishes him with a couple of lines, stating that his account was correct to the letter. He writes:—

"Monsieur and Dear Colleague.—The facts in question related by you in the *Mémoires d'un Bourgeois de Paris* are of the most scrupulous exactitude.—Your devoted

DE MORNAY."

This little contradiction brings Changarnier into the field, who corroborates the denial of M. Thiers in terms more energetic than civil; he writes to the *Presse* as follows:—

"Monsieur le Redacteur.—The friend who will hand you this has brought to my knowledge letters which have appeared in *La Presse*, from Count de Morny, M. Veron, and the honourable M. Thiers. I give the most complete contradiction (*démenti*) to the two first named personages, one of whom endeavours to raise a monument to the other. CHANGARNIER."

The term used by the gallant General is in the French language considered as near an approach to the "lie direct" as is permitted in good society; and people are puzzled to understand on which side is the truth—and here lies the jest—for it would appear that this is one of the rare cases in which, as the poet sings,

All are right and all are wrong.

For, according to the best information, the three conspirators—for such it is no misnomer to set them down, seeing that they were all under the oath of fidelity to the then existing Government, the Republic of 1848—there met with the understood design of overthrowing the Republic and supplying its place by the government of a Sovereign. But each had a different monarch in view—Thiers a Prince of the House of Orleans, Changarnier (a noted legitimist) Henri V., and De Morny, *ça va sans dire*, Napoleon III. Though the question, it is said, was discussed and argued at very great length, the three emissaries had too little confidence in each other for anything like frankness, and the consequence was that not one of the three candidates for the throne was named during the sitting, and, at its breaking up, each was convinced that the contemplated *coup-d'état* was to place his candidate on the throne. Hence the present discrepancy in the account of what took place. It is the dispute over again respecting the shield with one side gold and the other side silver. They saw the same object from different points of view. One of the trio was, however, right, and on the 2nd December, with memorable boldness, he ventured his head for the cause he had taken up. The allusion of General Changarnier to the "monument" of Veron to De Morny is a figurative cut at the sycophancy of the worthy Doctor towards the Count, of which the sixth volume of his *Mémoires* is full *usque ad nauseam*.

Mlle. Rachel took her leave of the Parisian stage—if we are to believe some of the papers—on Friday night last, in the character of Phèdre. The admiration of the public for her great talent remained undiminished to the last. The theatre was crowded as usual; she was applauded as usual; she made her theatrical points as usual. There was no diminution of the *artiste's* power from emotion or regret on treading for the last time the spot on which she had obtained fame and fortune. In fact, there was neither sentiment nor the affectation of sentiment, either on the part of the public or that of the actress. Mlle. Rachel's retirement had been so often threatened, and these threats being always connected with some miserable exaction of more salary, that both the play-going public and the tragedian seemed to understand that any pretension to feeling or regard on the present occasion would be a mockery too transparent to escape ridicule. Yet this is not the way in which the public and a highly gifted favourite should part, after seven-

teen years of exalted delight afforded on one side, and generous patronage and appreciation on the other—*A qui la faute?* Nature, which has gifted Rachel with the power of embodying the loftiest conceptions of poetry, which enables her to breathe life and animation into the creations of the great old masters of the French drama, and vivify the glories of Racine and Corneille with the electric light of her genius—forgot one thing; as Pope says—

"Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart!"

In this rather important portion of the human structure Rachel is, in fact, quite deficient; and the public, who know this, repay indifference with indifference.

You will have seen an account that the Minister of State has been placing a veto on Rachel's intended visit to America. Of its truth we know nothing; but of the impracticability of carrying any such measure into effect everybody is certain. It would add much to the *éclat* of her *entrée* to have it trumpeted through the States that she had defied the Government, and "deceived the police of the Imperial despot," in order to visit cousin Jonathan! Why, it would add thousands to the profits of the speculation, out of which 60,000*fr.* for six months are already guaranteed to her, according to the American papers. But this is evidently a gross exaggeration.

In my last letter I mentioned that M. Legouvé had been admitted a member of the Académie, obtaining a majority over M. Ponsard. Another vacancy has, however, since made room for the latter gentleman, who has now the honour of being numbered among the Forty Immortals. An anecdote, of which it may well be said that *se non è vera è ben trovata*, is told of M. Guizot, on his going up to the Tuileries to present, as director of the Académie, the new member, M. Legouvé, to the Emperor. After some conversation the ex-minister of Louis-Philippe, being asked by his Majesty what he thought of the war, made the following *spirituel* reply: "Sire, but a few days ago there were two men in Europe in whose hands rested the question of peace or war. At present there is but one."

The opening of the Great Exhibition remains fixed for the 1st of May; but of its being ready by that time doubts are still entertained. The unusual severity of the weather has greatly retarded the proceedings of the workmen. In the mean time immense arrivals now daily take place. Among the first in the field have been the artists—hundreds, nay, it is positively stated thousands, of paintings have arrived from the provinces, which can find no place, or at least have been rejected; the consequence of which is, that the picture sales, which are of daily occurrence in Paris, are inundated with pictures, which are sold for almost nothing; but these are all of a very inferior description.

More trees are falling before the axe in the Champs Elysées in order to clear the entrance to the building—a sacrifice which causes considerable discontent to the frequenters of that beautiful promenade. The building itself, though handsome, is certainly less imposing at first sight than our Crystal Palace in Hyde-park.

We have had no want of new books during the winter season; but nothing has appeared but of secondary interest save the commencement of M. Dupin's memoirs, *Souvenirs du Barreau*, which, though not very interesting in subject, is excellent in style, as might be expected from the clear and caustic mind of the writer.

In the drama we have plenty of novelty, but of little merit; the most striking being a comedy, in five acts, *Le Demi-Monde*, by the son of Alexander Dumas, which that clever original eulogises with an extravagance that must make the young man blush to his fingers' end, if he have a grain of modesty or good sense in his composition. Our Italian Opera closes after a tolerable season, but no more. The French Opera grows worse and worse every day—the patronage of the Government seems to kill it. A report is current that Mr. Mitchell is to open the Italiens during the summer with an English company, who are to perform alternately with an Italian and German *troupe*, each consisting of the best artists of their respective countries.

The inhabitants of Paris were not a little surprised on Sunday morning at finding the roofs of all the houses and the trees on the Boulevards and public gardens covered with snow. What rendered this change in the weather the more remarkable was, that up to one o'clock that morning it had been raining, and the temperature was mild. Within the last few days the barometer has undergone considerable changes, having fallen as low as 26.10, a depression of so great an extent as to excite general surprise, and even alarm, in some minds. The glass had not gone down so low in Paris for the last fifty years.

After repeated failures, and a vast expenditure of money, time, and labour, the authorities at the Bibliothèque Impériale have at length arrived at a tangible result in their efforts at classifying and drawing up a catalogue of the treasures committed to their care. The first volume of the catalogue, giving an index to a portion only of the printed books relating to the history of France, has just been published, and is to be followed by the remainder succeeding in rapid succession. Before entering into an examination of its contents, it may not be uninteresting to lay

before your readers an outline of the rise and progress of this admirable collection, which, after the library of the British Museum, must rank as the first in the world.

It is only from the days of François Premier that the Royal Library may be said to have had "a local habitation and a name." That monarch transferred to Fontainebleau the private collections formed by his two immediate predecessors, Charles the Eighth and Louis the Twelfth, at the Chateau de Blois, where they chiefly resided. It then consisted of about 1800 volumes, partly printed, partly manuscript. François considerably increased its numbers; and, at his death, it contained about three thousand volumes. Under his successor, Henri II., it received an addition of about two hundred and fifty manuscripts, the bindings of which (they are preserved to this day) are gorgeous in the extreme. The religious and civil wars which occupied the reigns of his three sons, François II., Charles IX., and Henri III., proved well nigh fatal to the destinies of the Bibliothèque; but, although its contents were seriously damaged, the energy and presence of mind of Jean Casselin, one of the keepers, preserved it from utter destruction. Henri IV., however, set on foot a better order of things; and, from the care he bestowed upon it, and the development which he gave to it, he may almost be considered as the real founder of this noble establishment. By his orders, the collection at Fontainebleau, with several others of minor importance, were brought to Paris, and placed in the college of Clermont, which the expulsion of the Jesuits had left vacant. He committed it to the care of the well-known President De Thou, one of the most learned and the most enthusiastic book collector of the age. This latter left nothing undone to increase it, and it was chiefly through his instrumentality that the valuable library formed by Catherine de Medicis was rescued from the auctioneer's hammer, and purchased by the Crown. It was then transferred to the cloister of the Cordeliers, and from thence to a large building in the Rue de la Harpe, where it remained until the year 1666, when Colbert had it removed to two houses in the Rue Vivienne. The progressive increase of the library may be judged of from the fact that in 1595 it comprised 4000 volumes, and sixty years afterwards, at the time of its removal to Rue Vivienne, it contained no less than 30,000 books and manuscripts. Eighteen years later a considerable augmentation had taken place, the printed works amounting to 40,000, and the manuscripts to 10,542. About that period two important additional departments were added to the Bibliothèque, for medals and all relating to numismatics, and for engravings. The houses in the Rue Vivienne were soon found too small, and then, as now, the question was often broached of its removal. In an almanac of 1692, published by Armand du Pradel, under the title of *Libre Commode*, occurs the following passage:—"The sight-seer may, as a favour, obtain admission to a few libraries, such as the King's, which is at present Rue Vivienne, but will shortly be transferred to the Place Vendôme," &c. It remained, however, in the Rue Vivienne until after Law's financial crisis, when it was removed to the Hotel de Nevers, which it still occupies. Important additions were made to all its departments under Louis XV. and his unhappy successor; for, at the breaking out of the Revolution, in 1789, it contained two hundred thousand printed volumes, fifty thousand manuscripts, and one of the finest numismatic collections in Europe.

The revolution, whose sacrilegious hands spared not even the royal tombs at St. Denis, by an especial dispensation of Providence not only left the Bibliothèque uninjured, but it was chiefly at that period of bloodshed and public calamity that it received its greatest development. Under the designation of *Bibliothèque Nationale*, it was enriched by valuable historical records, and libraries formerly the property of religious orders and the emigrated nobility. Under the Empire, it received the literary spoils of conquered nations; but, with the fall of Napoleon, the victors in their turn claimed and obtained the restoration of their property. Under the Restoration and Louis-Philippe it continued progressively to augment; and at the present day it contains one million five hundred thousand volumes, printed and manuscript.

Let us now turn to the volume before us. It is prefaced by two reports to the Minister of Public Instruction, detailing the failures of the previous efforts to draw up a catalogue, and setting forth the immense amount of labour which has been gone through to produce this first volume. It contains but three chapters: the first being an index to the works which treat the history of France in the abstract, or containing statistical or geographical information on the subject. The second chapter gives an indication to works on the ethnography or social history of France, and is brought down to the present day; the third chapter contains a list of the works giving the history of France by reigns; but the present volume terminates at Louis the Thirteenth. The system of classification adapted is lucid; but excess is bad in everything; and, from the quantity of subdivisions, figures, and letters employed to designate a volume, the catalogue bears a slight resemblance to that greatest of puzzles, *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*. With a little attention, however, these details can be easily mastered; and to the student it cannot be denied that it

duction of decimal coinage has been recommended for adoption both by the Royal Commissioners and a Committee of the House of Commons; the question of its ultimate admission may be therefore considered as settled, except merely as one of time. Although differences of opinion still existed as to the unit for the starting point—some advocating the pound, others the franc, and a third party the penny—at all events, the question seems narrowed to these three. The subject was discussed at great length at the Institute of Actuaries, on Monday last, and it was shown "that the labour would not be increased, nor any embarrassment arise from the change, and that very simple arrangements might be made to obviate such inconveniences as would naturally arise during a transition state." The Committee of the Privy Council had taken a step in the right direction, by affording the means of instruction in the decimal system to the labouring classes, so that any delay now would arise from the necessity of preparing the public mind for the change.

SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY. PHYSICS.

LIGHT: FLUORESCENCE.—The beautiful conversion of the invisible or chemical rays of light, into the visible rays of light proper, by Professor Stokes, described in this journal, under the heading, Epilism of Light, may yet linger in the memory of many. So great a discovery as the changing of the condition and properties of that force, on the action of which the existence of all animated beings, whether animal or vegetable, is directly dependent, has naturally excited much thought and research with the followers of physical science. Among them, M. Eisenlohr has propounded the supposition that this phenomenon, known as fluorescence is caused by the interference of the shorter vibrations of the spectrum, which are the blue-violet, and the invisible chemical rays, which he conveniently terms ultra-violet rays. He shows that fluorescence is not to be looked for at the red extremity of the spectrum, where the visible rays are the result of longer vibrations, and argues that it is manifested only at the other end of the spectrum. The ultra-violet rays is light acting in the dark space of the spectrum near the visible violet rays, the existence of which before Stokes's discovery was demonstrable alone by its chemical action. This ultra-violet light consists of countless systems of undulations of different lengths, but all of a shorter duration than the undulations producing the violet light. Owing to their interference, waves of greater length than their own result, giving rise to various tints of combination, and in many cases to all kinds of visible light.

Submitting this view to the test of experiment, after sundry failures M. Eisenlohr tried the action of the violet light, which is manifested in the so-called electric egg when exhausted of air, on substances endowed with this property of fluorescence. This source of a pure violet light proved eminently successful, producing some of the phenomena described by Professor Stokes with a splendour unattainable by the use of the spectrum; paper upon which a design had been traced with a solution of sulphate of quinine, showed, at a distance of ten or twelve feet from the oval receiver in the dark chamber, all the details of the design in a brilliant white on a deep violet ground, the design being so vividly developed as to appear shining and sparkling. The author recommends a Ruhmkoff's induction apparatus as very convenient for the production of the electric light in the receiver when the latter is exhausted of air.

From this experiment M. Eisenlohr concludes that the violet light produced *in vacuo* is mixed with a large quantity of invisible ultra-violet rays: that from these ultra-violet rays, invisible to the naked eye, visible light is produced by their action on fluorescent bodies, e. g. sulphate of quinine in solution; and thus from this invisible ultra-violet light, visible light is produced by mechanical means: that this description of light exercises the most powerful chemical action.

Sondhaus regards the sun's rays as being of a violet colour; we seeing the sun, as it appears to us, only through a mixture of tints whose production is referable to the combination of the shorter systems of rays of the violet light.

APPLIED SCIENCE. CHEMISTRY.

ALCOHOL FROM SAWDUST.—Even prohibitory fiscal regulations and an Excise are not unmitigated evils. Necessity, which so stimulates men to action, that its power has been enshrined in a proverb, has continually forced and will yet again compel them, when cut off from the usual sources of supply, to seek in new methods, channels, or processes, that which they require, and which to them in their several positions in life are things of prime necessity—things which must be had.

That Strikes are fruitful in mechanical inventions, we in this country have had frequent experience; and our neighbour, France, has shown us once and again, that, deprive her of foreign produce, she will in the end manage to dispense with it—not temporarily, but ever after. We have at this moment under our eye a memoir thus headed: *Rapport sur les divers moyens d'extraire avec avantage la Soude du Sel marin.* Par

les citoyens Lelievre, Pelletier, Darcey, et Alexandre Giroud. *Publié en Messidor de l'An II., par ordre du Comité de Santé publique.* The occasion was the prohibition of the exportation of Barilla from Spain, and elsewhere, to France; and the result of the researches which gave birth to this Report has been to annihilate one extensive branch of commerce, and to create in its stead a new manufacture, that of Alkali or Soda, of which our own country, from its abundance of coal and salt, has secured the lion's share; this Alkali, or soda-ash, being made on the banks of one river alone, the Tyne, to the extent of nearly 150,000 tons yearly, requiring the expenditure of millions of money, employing thousands of workmen in its production, and having improved to a marvellous extent its two dependent manufactures, those of Glass and of Soap.

We might multiply these instances from the past, but the present promises to be equally fruitful in discovery, arising, in like manner to that of soda, from the pressure of an inexorable necessity.

But in our last number we announced the elegant and most valuable discovery of the formation of Alcohol from Olefant Gas. Whether the prohibition of the Imperial Government of the use of grain in the French distilleries had any part in eliciting this beautiful example of synthesis described by Berthelot, we have no means of knowing; the probabilities are in favour of this view; but that this *tapé* had a direct influence in the production of alcohol from sawdust is avowed by the inventor of this process, M. Arnault, who alludes in the description of his method to the rise in the value of wine consequent upon the grape disease, which has compelled the French distillers to devote their energies to the production of spirit without employing either wine or grain, since the latter is interdicted to the distiller by the authorities, as its use for this purpose raises its value and at the same time diminishes the supply of food.

The juice of beet-roots, now so largely employed for producing sugar, has been extensively used for fermentation; but this naturally interferes with the production of sugar and is consequently somewhat discouraged; whilst in Algeria, efforts have been made to procure alcohol, on a commercial scale, from maize, couch-grass, asphodel, &c. Recently, M. Arnault has carried the method of converting wood into sugar by means of sulphuric acid, discovered by M. Braconnot of Nancy, a step further, and converted this sugar into ardent spirit.

Poplar appears to be the kind of wood most suitable for the purpose, as it yields about 80 per cent. of its weight of sugar capable of fermentation and producing alcohol. The wood is coarsely rasped, and dried at a steam-heat. As soon as it has cooled, sulphuric acid is very gradually mixed with the sawdust, care being requisite that the mixture shall not become heated; about 11lbs. of sulphuric acid, and 10lbs. of the dried wood, are the proper proportions of the materials employed. After thorough mixing it is suffered to repose for twelve hours, and then ground until the mass, previously almost dry, becomes quite liquid. This liquid is diluted with water, boiled, and whilst hot saturated with chalk; the sulphate of lime thus formed separated by filtration and pressure, and the liquor is fermented and distilled in the usual manner for producing alcohol.

We cannot say that this process has yet been economically applied—we doubt whether in its present stage it could be; but the inventor is engaged in the task of diminishing the cost of production. Whether M. Arnault will succeed in his efforts to attain his object, the evidence before us is too slight to enable us to form an opinion; but we doubt but little that the inventive energy now aroused to supply the deficiency of alcohol on the Continent of Europe, to which the want of wine and interdiction of the use of grain has given rise, will result in some important discovery by which spirit will be economically obtained from other sources. HERMES.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SCIENCE.

MONTHLY SUMMARY.

WE have to thank Mr. C. C. Nelson and Mr. Digby Wyatt for introducing us, at two meetings of the Institute of British Architects, to the work recently published by the Prussian Government, illustrative of the Church of Sta. Sophia, at Constantinople. The conversion of the grand Church of Justinian into a mosque had rendered it almost inaccessible to the curious traveller, and very little was known of it; but the present Sultan, having determined to restore the fabric, employed an European architect—Fossati—and the Prussian Government (which, whatever its political misdeeds, is at least an enlightened patron of science and art) embraced the rare opportunity, and sent a competent agent—Salzenberg—to the spot, to note everything that was noteworthy. Each of these gentlemen has published a work on the subject. That of Fossati appeared a few months ago, under the title of "Aya Sofia;" M. Salzenberg's has just appeared, and forms a valuable supplement to the work of his collaborateur, giving, in addition, some particulars about the other extant early edifices of the Eastern Capital.

Sta. Sophia was erected under Justinian, by his architect Anthemius, of Tralles, in 537 A.D., upon the site of the earlier Church of Constantine, which had been destroyed by fire. The plan is the usual Greek plan, a cross of equal limbs, surmounted by a large and smaller domes; the walls and vaults are of brick, and the exterior is very plain; but the interior was gorgeous with the columns of rare marble, the *spolia opima* of ancient heathen buildings, dedicated after the early fashion to the glory of God's House; the pavement was of large marble slabs; a mosaic of many coloured marbles lined the whole of the walls; and the vaults glowed with glass mosaics on golden and silver grounds. When Mohammed II. took Constantinople in 1453 A.D., the interior underwent a complete re-arrangement; all its gorgeous furniture was taken away, and its golden vaults were whitewashed. In his recent restorations, the Sultan has not only had the fabric repaired, but the marble mosaics of the walls have been cleaned and repolished, the whitewash has been removed from the decorations of the vaults and the mosaics have been carefully restored; only the portrait representations of Justinian and Theodora, and some others which were contrary to the law of the Koran, have been again concealed to preserve them for future generations. On the exterior, after the repairs, the walls have been stuccoed and painted with alternate bands of red and yellow, in imitation of the layers of different coloured stones, in which the later Byzantine architecture delights.

The window openings of the dome are filled with perforated slabs of marble. Mr. D. Wyatt suggested it as probable that these perforations had originally been filled in with coloured glass; if so, this would be the earliest known instance of such a use of coloured glass. The discovery of mosaics on a silver ground is also a point interesting to the archaeologist; the mode of executing them is described in some of the old MSS., but this is the first existing example which has been noticed.

Excavations are still in progress at Coombe Down near Bath, and several more stone coffins have been discovered, two of them containing skeletons. The most interesting discovery, however, is a stone bearing a Roman inscription; this inscription has been exhibited at the meetings of the Archaeological Institute and of the Antiquaries, and has been differently read and appropriated. From the impression on damp paper, exhibited by Mr. Franks at the Antiquaries, June 25, we are enabled to correct a couple of inadvertencies into which the imperfect state of the stone had led Mr. Scarth in his transcript, and to give the following as the correct version:—

PRO SALUTE IMPERATORIS CÆSARIS MARCI
ANTONI PH. FELICIS INVICTI
AVGVSTI—NÆVIVS AVGVSTI
LIBERTVS ADIVTOR PROCVRATORVM PRIMARI
IMPIA RVINA OPPRESSA A SOLO RESTITVT.

"For the safety of the Emperor Caesar, Marcus Antoninus Pius, Felix, Invictus, Augustus, Nævius, freedman of Augustus, the adjutor of the chief procurator, has restored (the building to which the stone was affixed) from its foundation, which had been impiously reduced to ruin." Mr. Akerman remarked that the inscription had been erroneously ascribed to M. Aurelius Antoninus, the first of the Antonines. He attributed it to Caracalla, who is styled on coins and in inscriptions Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, with the addition of the title Felix, which occurs on the Bath stone.

The *Athenæum Français* tells us that, among the Papyri recently brought from Egypt by M. Mariette, there is one twenty-four centimetres (about fifteen inches) square, written in uncials mixed with some cursive characters, unfortunately damaged by numerous punctures or rents, which render its decipherment difficult. M. Egger has made out on it a hundred of Greek verses, belonging to a chorus, and, very probably, to a *tragic chorus*, in pure Doric, with glosses. The learned academicians are of opinion that the composition of this work must be placed between the years 439 B.C. and the time of Alexander. The same journal promises shortly to give us a more complete account of this interesting fragment.

The report of M. Naudet, the perpetual secretary of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres of France, upon the labours of the Publication Commissions of the Academy for the latter half of 1854, presents some features of interest to English antiquaries.

The 23rd volume of the *Literary History of France*, which will finish the annals of letters in France down to the thirteenth century, is written and partly printed. The second part of the eighteenth volume of *Notices and extracts of MSS.*, which should be devoted to the Greek and Latin languages and the Neo-Latin of the Middle Ages, has been reserved, by the decision of the Commission of Literary Works, for the collection of Greek-Egyptian Papyri in the Louvre, which M. Letronne had left inedited, unfinished, and partly in fragments. A revision, as discreet as able, has put in order and settled the work, which consists of transcriptions and commentaries, without permitting either additions or alterations. The printing is about to be undertaken, under the care of the two members who have prepared the copy. The first part of the table to the first fourteen volumes of *Notices* has been long printed so far as concerns the western languages, both ancient and modern; the part containing the

Eastern languages is partly printed. In the collection of Historians of the Crusades, that part only comprising the Western authors has made progress, viz. so far as the 120th page of Vol. II. One of the editors of the collection of Arabic authors has been prevented by illness; and the savant who has commenced the Greek authors, has not been able to devote any time to the work during the last half year.

The collection of Charters and Diplomas proceeds with energy, and several valuable acquisitions have been made during the half year. The twenty-first volume of the collection of Historians of France is ready to appear as soon as the index is finished; and the fifteenth volume of the collection of Memoirs presented by various savants, on miscellaneous subjects, is in the press.

The Section of Archaeology of the Society of Language, History and Arts of France held a *séance* on the 29th January. M. Mathon sent a model of an *iron cross* of about the end of the thirteenth century, belonging to a collection at Beauvais. The section proposes to publish a representation of it in their *Bulletin*.

M. Dumontel sent fourteen casts in plaster from moulds for making altar-wafers, belonging to the churches and chapels of the dioceses of Bourges and Nevers. These various moulds, which presented types of all dates from the twelfth to the eighteenth centuries, may serve as a study of the distinctive and symbolic character of the "hosts" during that period, the forms changed with the date, but the symbols are always the same:—Jesus Christ triumphant, is the representation on those consecrated by the Priest during the Paschal season; Jesus Christ on the Cross, on those from the first Sunday in Advent to Holy Saturday inclusive.

M. Marchand sent a report on the discovery of considerable Roman ruins about four miles north-east of Briare, which he believed to be the remains of the station of Brivodunum, which hitherto had been placed at Briare itself. A plan of the ruins, and a rough sketch of two antique vases, accompanied the report.

M. Amé sent several drawings of inlaid pavements, one from one of the chambers of the ancient Maison du Temple at Sacy, a dependency of the order of St. John of Jerusalem, and apparently of the middle of the 13th century; others from the church of Vincelles (Yonne) constructed in the 14th century.

M. l'abbé Cochet sent a note upon the tomb of Prince Robert, son of Robert, first Duke of Normandy (942-996), found in the Abbey of Fécamp in 1710.

M. de Bastard communicated a report upon several drawings sent to the committee by M. Pernot. 1. The fac-simile of the slab of a shrine found in 1792 or 1793 in the tomb of Henry de Lorraine, Bishop of Metz at the end of the 15th century. 2. Several views of the crypt of the Cathedral of Verdun, discovered in 1847, and copies of the paintings which decorated that chapel. 3. Views of the Abbey of Pontombaut and of the Church of Méobecq, in the department of the Indre.

M. de Guillermy read a report upon some interesting communications from M. Hérard, architect, upon recent excavations made at the ancient Abbey of Notre Dame du Val, and another upon several fragments of tombs and inscriptions collected from the ruins of the Church St. Benoît, which has been demolished only a few months ago. The excavations at Val have disclosed the complete plan of the church; and the architectural fragments discovered have fixed the date of the fabric as of the beginning of the thirteenth century. A considerable number of mutilated statues and other interesting stones were discovered, and have been put in safety. Among others, considerable portions of the effigy of Robert d'Aulnay, the King's Chamberlain, who died in 1414, and that of Jacques de Villiers, Provost of Paris, who died in 1471, who were both interred in the Abbey Church. The tomb inscribed with the name of Dom Jacques Pinguet, monk and sacristan of the abbey, who died in 1590, was well preserved. M. Récapé, the proprietor of Val, has had the principal remaining buildings, consisting of the refectory, chapter-house, and dormitory, restored under the directions of M. Hérard. Among the inscriptions which the same gentleman has rescued from the ruins of St. Benoît, only two were entire, viz., those of Roger, a deacon, who died in 1410, and of Benoît Chefdor, a priest. They are removed to the Musée de Cluny. M. Hérard concluded his note with some memoranda of the monumental stones found in the inclosure of St. Jean-de-Latran. Among the most curious fragments are, first, an effigy of a man engraved in a mantle of the order of St. John of Jerusalem—effigies of Templars and Hospitaliers being singularly rare—and secondly, a portion of the epitaph of Guillaume de Vaugrigneuse, chevalier, who died in the thirteenth century; these are in the Musée de Cluny; other fragments, unfortunately, were dispersed.

M. Albert Lenoir read a note upon some monumental stones of the ruined Abbey of Gercy, or Jarcy, about sixteen miles from Paris, which now exist, built into the walls of a mill. They form a chronological series, the most ancient being of the fourteenth century: two represent female figures, one Jehanne Morel de Brie, the other the wife of Henri attached to the service of the Queen Mary. A chevalier, named Hubert de Cernigny or Cerpigny, who died in 1313, is represented upon an altar stone; his armour

presents the peculiarity of two *ailes* upon the shoulders (like those seen in the effigies of Roger de Trumpington, and others, in England); down to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the Polish cavalry wore such *ailes*. A handsome stone of the sixteenth century presents the effigy of an Abbé, surrounded by a rich frame of Renaissance decoration; his name is illegible, he was a *Conseiller du Roi*. And lastly, the tomb of the Ladies de Lusignan de St. Gelais, two sisters who successively governed the Abbey in the sixteenth century; this beautiful tomb, in perfect preservation, is encrusted with black and white marble. The owner of the mill in which these tombs are imbedded is anxious that they should be removed to a more suitable resting place.

We have a further account of the discoveries of Mr. Loftus, the agent of the Assyrian Excavation Fund, at the S.E. Palace of Nimroud. A quantity of ivories have turned up, forming part of the ornaments of a throne, or other furniture. Many of the fragments exhibit traces of gilding and enamel and gems. They present a decided Egypto-Assyrian character, perfect Egyptian heads being mixed with bulls and lions of Assyrian type. There are Phœnician inscriptions on some of the ivories. They were all found on the floor of a chamber among wood-ashes, but the ivories had not been subjected to the action of fire. The whole room had not yet been explored.

A letter from Berlin in the *Leader* announces that in excavating the Temple of Juno at Argos as many as 300 fragments of statues have already been recovered. "Remember that this temple was in the life of Polycletus what the Parthenon was in the life of Phidias—that it contained the masterpieces of his art, at a time when art was at the apex of its glory—and you can form some idea of the thrill which this announcement will give to every lover of sculpture." The Greek Government, it is believed, will not sell these treasures of art; casts of them are to be taken, and copies will soon probably find their way to our National Collection.

L'*Athenæum Français* gives us the report of M. Reinaud, conservator of Oriental MSS. to the Bibliothèque Impériale, on the labours in his department of the savants who accompanied the French army of the East. We translate the opening sentence:—"Nearly a year ago, when there was a question of sending an army to the assistance of the Ottoman Empire, many persons suggested whether advantage ought not to be taken of an event which would place the French Government on the most intimate relations with that of our ancient ally, Turkey, to undertake a more profound study of those beautiful countries whence the light formerly came to us, and which have never since ceased to be in relations with us, either peaceful or hostile. Some persons even expressed a hope of seeing brought to light some new relics of the libraries of the Greek Emperors and of the chief personages of their courts—sources which, since the revival of letters in the West, have so largely contributed to enrich our own libraries. It was also an opportunity for making search for Armenian, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish MSS., which have always abounded in the capital of the Ottoman Empire. Doubtless, the Oriental literature has not acquired among us the same popularity as the Greek and Latin literatures; but what truths has not this literature already revealed to us, and what may not yet be expected from it!" M. Lebarbier was therefore commissioned to accompany the army, and to make search in Constantinople for classical and oriental desiderata. He found that Greek and Latin MSS. rarely turn up, and that the number of Oriental MSS. for sale in the Eastern capital has greatly diminished in number. But M. Lebarbier has made researches into the libraries of Constantinople, and has communicated facts of great interest and value to the learned world as to their contents. These libraries are forty-five in number; the greater part of them attached to the mosques or the colleges which depend upon them. That which gives these libraries a special importance is, that, beyond doubt, some of them contain the remains of collections formerly dispersed in Asia Minor, Syria, Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Persia—remains which form one of the most precious trophies of the first Ottoman conquests. Imperfect catalogues of some of these collections were already known in Europe; there was an excellent bibliographical compilation composed in Arabic towards the middle of the seventeenth century, by a Turk called Hadji-Khalifa, in which the title of each book is accompanied by the name of the author, the epoch in which he lived, and some indication of the contents of the book. This book was considered so useful in Europe that a German savant, M. Flügel, printed an edition of it with a Latin translation at Leipzig, in 1836-1852, in 6 vols. 4to.

In 1846, M. de Slave had orders from the Minister of Public Instruction to procure the catalogues of the principal libraries of Constantinople, and he procured copies of thirteen of them, which were deposited in the Bibliothèque Impériale; these are being now printed at Leipzig as a supplement to the Bibliographical Dictionary of Hadji-Khalifa. Some years after, the catalogue of the Library recently formed by the Bey of Tunis was obtained, and placed in the Bibliothèque Impériale. M. Lebarbier has now been able to add to this collection of catalogues. Among the rare books which he has found in the Constanti-

nople libraries is one which bears the title of *Moad-jam-al-Boldan*, or Dictionary of Countries. This work, written by Yakoul in the first half of the thirteenth century, is a geographical dictionary, in several volumes. It is from this source that M. Fraehn, member of the Imperial Academy of St. Petersburg, has been able to throw a new light upon the state of Northern Europe and Asia in the Middle Ages. Of this work there are two copies at Constantinople. Every one who has, since the commencement of the present century, directed his attention to the history of Egypt, has congratulated himself on the evidence on these points afforded by Abd-al-Lathif, an Arab physician, who attached himself to the family of the great Saladin, and under his patronage studied the ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs. Unfortunately, only an abridgment of this great work had reached us, of which M. Silvestre de Sacy has published an excellent translation, expressing more than once his regret that the whole work was not within his reach. M. Lebarbier reports that he has found no less than three copies of this grand work at Constantinople. Of the discoveries which this gentleman has made in Greek and Latin literature, M. Hase will give a report to the Minister.

ARCHITECTURE.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF ARCHITECTURE AS A FINE ART.

Christ Church, Craven-hill, Bayswater (see *Builder*, Vol. XIII., p. 31), has a proportional loftiness that gives dignity to its main body, and a general merit, creditable to its architects, Messrs. Francis. Yet, even here, with more than common altitude, there is not enough for a well-developed clerestory,—at least of arched windows,—and increased height would have required an unattainable additional length. We will, however, leave the body of the church to consider its steeple, which is the grand feature,—the one which most challenges criticism, because mere necessity and utility have infinitely less to do with this than with the main structure. It is the especial thing of "sacrifice,"—the portion of the whole set apart as the heaven-offering,—a non-essential, as it regards accommodation for the spiritually inclined or destitute; but yet "the very life of the building," as the symbol of the soul's devotion; the denotement of a disregard for the income from pew-letting, and of an unmixed dedication of human means to the propitiation of Omnipotence. The tower is of noble substance and adequate elevation, and, with the spire added, it is so good as a whole, that it will bear the comments we shall make on what we humbly conceive to be its defects. It ascends well to the coupled windows of the bell-chamber story. The buttresses are really buttresses,—not strips of masonry stuck against a tower to which they could be, if required, of no service. The whole composition, so far, is unexceptionable; but, in respect to what follows (without denying its general merit), we will simply ask whether the upward elongation of the windows, the omission of the sets-off from the buttresses on a line with the spring of the window-arches, and the discarding of the crocketed pseudo-gable over the windows, would not be a vast improvement in giving apparent height and importance to this—the principal division of the tower? Then, why is the open parapet-work of the tower embattled, while that of the main body is simply horizontal? Next, we would give substance to the four pinnacles, with proportionally-increased altitude, and do away with those impotent flying-buttresses which have a greater tendency to push off the pinnacles than to support the spreading base of the spire. Lastly, we would something increase the actual altitude of the spire, and as much augment its apparent height, by doing away with the ring-bands and the four little canopied loop openings near its summit. Let the architects simply put their fingers on the several depressing features we would omit; and if they do not, with us, acknowledge that their design immediately springs upwards, we will beg their pardon, and say "be it as it is."

Turning to a design of totally differing style and inferior scale, we would refer to *The Jubilee Building of the Sunday School Union*, to be erected in the Old Bailey, London. We here find an instance of vertical excess, aggravated by the vertical where it should be corrected by horizontal lines. Unless the crowning balustrade be necessary (which it may be), it were better away, so that the cornice might finish the eaves of the roof. If circumstances of truthful construction warrant it, a pediment would be admissible and effective. Next, we would be satisfied with the horizontal cornice alone over the top triple window, and would extend a broad enriched fascia or frieze below the block cornice. Lastly, we would omit the two internal rusticated piers above the ground story, and move the side windows something inwards. Apart from what we conceive to be the errors of this façade in the particulars alluded to, there is a grace and refinement in the design, which leaves us to think well of Mr. Searle's taste and talents.

In the *Civil Engineer and Architect's Journal* for January 7, 1855, is the plan of the *Hull Literary and Philosophical Society's Buildings*. The auditorium of the lecturing theatre is semicircular, with some elon-

gation beyond the diameter line; and the seats are continued "home" to what may be termed the *proscenium* wall, beyond which there is no scene for illustrative exhibition. We should like the architect, Mr. Broderick, to inform us how the some fifty or more of his spectators who are nearest to this wall are to see the drawings which he would set up on his lecturing-table to exemplify an instructive paper from him on "the principles of architectural design." Even if stuck up against the wall itself they would be at best most imperfectly seen: but lecturers often require to have their drawings, &c., on the table before them; and, in that case, a number of his listeners would be on a line with, if not behind, the illustrations which demand their attention. We wonder how an architect, of all men, can devise a lecturing-room without severe reference to the frequent necessity of everybody seeing what a lecturer has to show, as well as of hearing what he has to say. The remedy for the defect in this instance is so obvious that we will not insult Mr. Broderick by more than a reference to it, for there is "ample verge and space enough" within his outline for all he has provided, with the more suitable form required.

Mr. Hayward's *Exeter Diocesan Training College* is an evidence of his "orthodox" training in the Diocese of Exeter, and maintains his professional reputation. It is an odd thing, by the way, that "The Right Rev. the Lord Harry" of that *altissimo* of our High Church Bishoprics, seems to be himself, in his own personal domestic ideas, most especially unorthodox; for his Lordship has built for himself, and loves to reside in, as complete an Italian villa as an anti-Goth could desire. The venerable prelate's mansion, *Bishopstowe*, near Torquay, exhibits a character and style, the very opposite to that affectation of monastic gloom, which is the fashion with the many of his sect. It is as light, elegant, and cheerful an abode as refined laxity might choose for its home; and we only wish the Bishop of Exeter's architectural influence upon the lay gentry of his diocese were as directive as his spiritual teachings on the minds of his clergy. A view and plan of the *Exeter Training College* will be found in the *Builder*, Vol. XIII., pp. 42, 43.

In the same publication and volume, p. 79, we have an effective woodcut of the *Bank of Australia*, *Threadneedle-street, Strand, London*; an imposing palatial edifice by Mr. P. C. Hardwick. The ground-story is massively solid and bank-like; and the three-storied superstructure composed of bold, varied, and telling features, emphatically pronounced, and adorned with rich carvings. Though Mr. Hardwick, however, has managed the breaks in his crowning cornice as well as can be, he has only proved that a block cornice so broken is unmanageable; and, to our eye, there is something displeasing in the jagged outline which terminates the building against the sky. Had there been a lofty blocking course or parapet above, to restore the continuity of the string-cornice which caps the panelled pilasters of the second story, the defect to which we have alluded would not have been so apparent. The building wants extent for its altitude; and we regret it is not part of a more lengthened range. In the same number of the *Builder*, p. 75, are a plan and elevation of the *Percy Chapel, Bath*, in the Lombardic style, after such a recipe as the late Mr. Hope might have given; and as good as, if not better than, many of the queer things which his book affords as models of worth. It presents the usual *pseudo-mural* arcades, with flat gables of Greek pediment pitch, pilasters running up into corbel-courses, and two of them cut away to make room for a circular or rose window; two porches, with columns supporting arches, which stand firm in defiance to the laws relating to lateral pressure; two turrets of a rather modern Italian finish, and an imposing decaagonal lantern surmounted by a somewhat Chinese top. There is much ingenuity in the adaptation of the plan to a very irregular site; and "the effect inside is said to be successful." It is an additional evidence of the growing architectural ambition of our Dissenters, as the chapel has been built for the "Congregationalists;" but the name of the architect does not appear.

In the next number of the *Builder*, p. 91, is an elevation of *The Mairie of the Third Arrondissement in Paris*; an example of Greco-Roman Gallic architecture, in which there is more refinement of idea than boldness of treatment. The basement story is good; although we regret the carrying up of the six wing windows to the soffit of their inclosing arches. The central composition on the same level is excellent. The solid piers at the angles are also much to be commended, with the treatment of the wing compartments uniting them with the centre; but the centre is stilted, disjointed, and unsuccessfully laboured. The three large windows, we think, would have been better so reduced as to have allowed of plain half-pilasters, grouped with the Ionic ones, so that the vousoirs of the arches might have sprung from impostes formed by continuations of the wing middle-entablature. The bell arch should have been semicircular headed, with a width, less, by the plain jambs, which, in addition to the fluted pilasters, might advantageously have been provided; and, indeed, the whole of this part of the composition, especially as it regards the clock, might have been rendered much more pictorial and effective. The French architect cannot be

common-place or vulgar; but he frequently yields to certain of our own professors in the scenic efficiency of his design. We may add, that the plain parapets on each side the clock should not have been plain. The decoration that finishes the top course of the wings demands the enrichment of the crowning features of the centre.

The *Builder*, Vol. XIII., p. 103, gives the elevations of two *Shop-houses in Threadneedle Street, London*, which exhibit a considerable deviation from the conventional; and are, at the same time, as distinct from one another (though they adjoin) as the characteristics of different countries. Mr. Henry Currey's design is a pile of three independent compositions; we may almost say of three styles. The heaviest is at the top, the lightest at the bottom. The slender narrow piers, which support the great arch of the shop compartment, are, in effect, *legs*—not piers; the whole together reminding us of certain persons, corpulent and tall, whose large bodies rest on a couple of limbs, wondrous slim, and marvellous wide apart—*Punch's* representations of the late Emperor of Russia, to wit. No doubt, however, for the purposes required, of glazed space for external show, and for the admission of light internally, it is an admirable shop-front. Next comes a story, occupied largely by a compound nondescript window, in which Gothic suggestion conflicts with Italian framework. Crowning the last, is a sturdy pilastrial combination of two window ranges—not by any means bad in itself, but, to our minds, strangely discordant with the architecture below; and which had been much better if the four pilasters had run up, in unobstructed continuity, from their bases to their consoles. Let any one conceal the four intermediate bits of moulded work which divide these pilasters into two heights, and he will, or we are much mistaken, acknowledge an immediate acquisition of beauty, equally improving to the compartment *per se*, and to the entire composition. Were the building ours, we could not live in it a week without having this merely interruptive work cut away, so as to leave the four pilasters with the fair proportions they would then exhibit.

Mr. John Shaw's adjoining elevation is of much larger extent, and "of a free and open nature," remarkably contrasting with the close and crowded aspect of its neighbour. Its merit consists in the judicious ornamentation of the very simplest character of front; and we think the larger-wreathed oval disks above the first-floor windows, and the smaller circular ones between those of the fourth story, with the balcony before the central window of the intermediate floor, are admirable instances of taste, exercised with judgment and economy, in giving variety and artistic character to an arrangement otherwise of too much sameness. Enough, however, is done, just to give each range of windows, and the string-courses between them, an individual distinction. The roof, too (with its peculiar fenestration, its chimneys, and the light railing round its crowning flat), forms a picturesque finish to the whole, which is worthy of Mr. Shaw's repute, though we do venture to express a wish that he could have placed his extreme windows further from the quoins. The defect of the facade is that there is least breadth where most is required. The shop front is no doubt as good a composition as circumstances allowed; but it is impossible to avoid desiring that piers of some apparent solidity could have presented themselves under the great height of solid masonry between the outer and second windows.

The *Edinburgh Building Chronicle* for March 1, gives an elevation of the *New Post-office, Glasgow*, by Messrs Burn and Groves, architects. The Government has not allowed the designers sufficient latitude to rival the grand things which have been effected by local spirit and enterprise; but they have done full well with the amount of opportunity afforded. The front of the Post-office is of most pleasing and refined character, and self-consistent in the novelty of somewhat more elongated vertical proportions than is usual. The only addition we can reasonably desire would be the decoration of the frieze, either with lettering, or with the simple Greek frette.

POPULAR MEDICINE.

THE NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE MEDICAL WORLD.

I. NEW BOOKS.

Surgical and Pathological Observations. By EDWIN CANTON, F.R.C.S., Assistant-Surgeon to the Charing-cross Hospital, Lecturer on Surgical Anatomy, &c. &c. pp. 106 (London: Highley).—This volume will rank among the most important productions of its class, and will find its way into the library of every surgeon who is desirous to avail himself of the results of the labours of so observant and intelligent a surgeon and anatomist as Mr. Canton. It is well illustrated by wood engravings. The subjects treated of are eight in number, and have no connexion with each other. It consists of diligent gleanings, which are here gathered into one bundle to enrich the general store-house of surgical science. Of these, the most elaborate is the first essay "On Chronic Rheumatic Arthritis, considered especially in relation to its morbid anatomy."

On Lateral Curvature of the Spine, its Pathology and Treatment. By BERNARD E. BRODHURST, Assistant-Surgeon to the Royal Orthopedic Hospital, &c. pp. 67

(London: Churchill).—The subject of which this little volume treats has of late found no lack of contributors to our surgical literature; and, provided each writer has received a surgical education, has a natural mechanical turn of mind, and a knowledge of the philosophy of mechanics and opportunities for practice, the profession must gain by his publications. Mr. Brodhurst certainly possesses these qualifications; and we may therefore commend this work to the study of those who may be interested in the treatment of this very common deformity.

On the Use of Creosote in Scorbatic Camp Dysentery. By JOHN BRAMSTON WILMOT, M.D., Cantab., F.R.C.P. Pamphlet. (London: Churchill).—Every British subject must feel more or less interested in everything relating to the disease called dysentery, which has made such sad havoc among our brave troops engaged in the Crimean campaign. This pamphlet, therefore, apart from its merits, demands at least a passing notice at our hands. It appears that the substance of it was discussed at a meeting of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society so long ago as the year 1845, and publication at the present crisis appears to have been suggested by the dreadful loss of life occasioned by dysentery at Scutari; nor can we wonder at this when the author asserts that "he is as convinced of the efficacy of the remedy (creosote) as he is of the value of vaccination—the value of the stethoscope in diagnosis—or the effects of anæsthetic agents." We cannot say that the cases detailed in this pamphlet are sufficiently numerous or satisfactory to enable us to adopt the author's high tone of confidence in his remedy; but we think the facts he has laid before us fully entitle the plan to extensive trial. It consists chiefly of injecting into the bowels about a drachm of creosote in twelve ounces of thin starch or gruel, and the author appears to rely chiefly "on the antiseptic and stimulant qualities of creosote," which he believes to resemble those of turpentine. He gives one case in detail, and references to two or three others, in each of which there was a favourable termination. These cases were not *camp* cases, but occurred among the inmates of the Tunbridge Union-house at Pembury, where dysentery had prevailed, and had been fatal in eight cases out of thirty-four. The pamphlet is well written, and worthy of attention.

On the Treatment of the Sick Poor in the Workhouse of St. Mary, Islington. By R. H. SEMPLE, M.D. Second Edition.—We have already alluded to the subject of this pamphlet, and, having made further inquiries, we find that there is not only truth in this tale of cruelty and manslaughter, but it is neither exaggerated nor highly coloured. We trust that measures will be taken to bring before a higher tribunal than this unfeeling board of trustees the conduct of Dr. Semple and of his accusers. It appears that he was dismissed from his post as medical officer to the workhouse for no other crime than having represented to the trustees the unhealthy condition of the inmates, and the necessity for improved sanitary arrangements; and then, finding this appeal in vain, having, as was his bounden duty as a humane and honest man, laid the facts before the Poor Law Board. Let this pamphlet be examined and compared with the report of the sanitary board of the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, and no reasonable man, having perused both, can hesitate to decide whether the interests of humanity are not safer in the hands of a duly-chosen select vestry than under radical management of a populous parish. The workhouse of St. Giles is a model of the healthy condition which can be brought about in the worst possible locality by the best possible management. The workhouse of St. Mary, Islington, is a sample of the pestiferous condition to which a workhouse in an elevated and healthy spot may be brought by gross and inhuman neglect.

A Memoir on Indolent Ulcers, and their Surgical Treatment. By JOHN GAY, F.R.C.S., &c. &c., late Surgeon to the Royal Free Hospital, p. 108. (London: Highley).—Indolent ulcers on the legs have been for a century one of the *opprobria* of surgery; and the profession is indebted to Mr. Gay for the great care and attention which he, an operating surgeon of high repute, has given (we had almost said *condescended* to give) to cases which most generally afflict that class of patients who cannot remunerate the surgeon for his attention. This treatise, besides having the merit of embodying the literature of the subject, British and foreign, also presents us with the original views of the author, which are not less worthy of the attention of all surgeons. The general reader would not thank us for a full analysis of so purely surgical an essay; but we may mention that one of the most important practical points in Mr. Gay's mode of practice, in the case of an ulcer which will not heal under ordinary treatment, consists in the performance of a surgical operation, the object of which is to heal one wound by making others, and to supply an open ulcer with skin, by transplanting a portion from a healthy spot. If the old ulcer can be thus healed, there is seldom any difficulty in healing the artificial sores thus produced. But we are becoming too technical, and must refer those who wish for further information to Mr. Gay's own descriptions, illustrated as they are by very well executed wood-cuts. This is, we believe, a new and a curious application of the wonderful resources of what is called plastic surgery.

Vaccination: Memorial presented to the President of

the Board of Health by the President and Council of the Epidemiological Society, on a proper State Provision of Smallpox, and the Extension of Vaccination.—This is the second document issued by the Epidemiological Society on the subject of vaccination, which has been printed by order of the House of Commons; and it is not less important than the first. The object of it is to show the results of the Compulsory Vaccination Act, passed in August 1853, to expose the errors and deficiencies of that Act, and to suggest to Government what is really wanted to effectuate the abolition of smallpox. It is the opinion of the memorialists that the facts contained in their former document prove that vaccination, when efficiently practised, is an antidote to smallpox; that "two things are essential to the thorough vaccination of any population; viz.: 1st. That it be made a matter of legal obligation; 2nd. That there be added, administrative science, zeal, and activity." They further allege that by the Act of 1853 vaccination was made a matter of legal obligation, but not to the full extent required; while no provision whatever was made for the application of that administrative science, zeal, and activity, which are equally essential: that the results, notwithstanding, have been of the most encouraging kind; for it appears that in the first year of the operation of the Act the number of public vaccinations of children under one year of age have been more than doubled. Still, in consequence of the want of a more perfect machinery, there is reason to believe that not more than ten to fifteen per cent. of the children born are vaccinated within the year; consequently a large majority are unprotected.

II. MEDICAL CHIT-CHAT.

The Crimea.—Of the alleged deficiencies of the medical staff in the Crimea and in the military hospitals in the East, it would be premature to speak, pending the momentous inquiry in Parliament. But whenever a shade is cast over the character of a man of integrity and honour, even for a time, his reputation must temporarily suffer, and it becomes those who know him to be injured, to clear his character without delay. We allude to the much-injured Dr. Lawson, who was censured severely in the general orders of the Commander-in-Chief, and immediately afterwards appointed to a high and honourable office, that of Superintendent of the Great Hospital at Scutari, to the astonishment of all men. The *Times*, with its customary injustice and impertinence, ignorantly condemned this appointment, and asserted that "about Dr. Lawson's deserts there appeared no room to doubt;" whereas the justice of the censure of Lord Raglan was doubted from the first, both by those who knew the character of Dr. Lawson and those acquainted with Crimean affairs generally. We are not personally acquainted with the accused; but we took occasion to express our own doubts as to his deserts in our medical article of the 15th February, and we are now in a position to offer a little more evidence of the injustice perpetrated both by Lord Raglan and the *Times*. We have received a letter from a medical gentleman holding a high office under Government, of which the following is a copy:—

DEPUTY-INSPECTOR-GENERAL LAWSON AND HIS DETRACTORS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—On a former occasion I begged for a suspension of public judgment on the case of Dr. Lawson; and I now request you will do me the favour to give a place in your columns to the following further observations with reference to this officer, upon whom most severe, but I believe most unmerited, obloquy has been cast, as regards an alleged neglect of the sick and wounded soldiers on board the Avon transport at Balaklava. In a leading article of the *Times*, of February 8th, it was stated that the condition of the sick on board the Avon occasioned "a formal inquiry, and the result of this inquiry was, that Dr. Lawson was severely censured in general orders for his apathy and indifference towards the sick and wounded on board that vessel." From this statement, as well as from the manner in which Dr. Lawson's name has been spoken of in Parliament, many have been led to suppose that Dr. Lawson himself had been subjected to a "formal inquiry." But this certainly was not the case. A "formal inquiry" necessarily requires that a charge or charges be made, that evidence be taken, and that a defence be heard. Now in the case of Dr. Lawson, these indispensable elements to the constitution of a "formal inquiry" were wanting. It is true that a court sat upon the state of the Avon at Balaklava; but at that court Dr. Lawson was merely examined as a witness. He neither heard the evidence of other witnesses, nor were any charges ever brought against him, or even any defence or explanation of any kind called for from him. I can vouch for the perfect accuracy of these facts; and while the case remains in this position, it is surely not right to assume that Dr. Lawson has been formally convicted of "apathy and indifference towards the sick." In justice to Dr. Lawson, who has been in the army more than twenty years, who has served his country with honour and distinction in the most deadly climates of the world, and who, I can feel assured, is at this moment doing good and beneficial service at Scutari, I do trust that his conduct in the case of the Avon may in reality yet become the

subject of a "formal inquiry" of the most rigorous and searching nature. Then shall I look forward with confidence to a most complete vindication of Dr. Lawson's high character for ability, integrity, and humanity. I have the honour, &c.

Feb. 22, 1855. M.D., R.N.

This letter requires no comment. Whatever may have been Dr. Lawson's conduct, it is clear he has been censured without trial, and accused without being placed on his own defence. And the *Times* has not only published a false account of the matter, but refused the admission of an explanatory letter from the author of the above communication. Does not this confirm the statement we made some time ago, to the effect that the *Times* was quackery-ridden, and that it delighted to do injustice to qualified medical men? We observe that when Dr. Andrew Smith was examined as a witness at the Parliamentary inquiry he spoke of Dr. Lawson in very high terms. We trust that gentleman will demand a court martial.

ART AND ARTISTS.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THERE is not much in this exhibition to create a sensation. The works are of that stereotyped average kind of merit to which we have grown accustomed, and which it is particularly difficult to criticise. In viewing works, the counterparts of which we have seen twenty times before, something must depend upon the accidental mood of the moment, as to whether they impress us favourably or not. We compare them with previous recollections, and say, perhaps, We have seen better by the same hand. If this applies even to our estimate of the Exhibition of the Academy, where the choicest works of the whole body of artists are produced, so that it is almost a fashion to say of each year's exhibition that it is duller and flatter than those that have preceded—the same is doubly true of a collection such as that which is annually got together in Suffolk-street.

An annual demand for a certain number of pictures of a certain size and character, and at a certain price, is here industriously and systematically supplied; and we may perhaps congratulate the public upon the general ability with which this task is performed. To come to individual pictures, the works of the President, Mr. Hurlstone, claim the first place, as standing almost alone in the class of "high art." Columbus is a favourite hero of his. Here he has represented him half way on his voyage to the undiscovered world. The known has been left behind; country, family, friends have been renounced; before lie chaos, mystery, and danger. The mariners rise in despair, and are for putting back the ship. Columbus alone remains firm. This is the moment which the painter has chosen. The best figures are that of Columbus himself and that of the helmsman, who looks up towards him apparently with veneration and confidence, the only faithful found among the crew. Another historical picture of Mr. Hurlstone's represents "Dante begging his bread." The great Florentine sits moodily glooming, while a little child offers him a piece of bread.

The landscape department predominates. Mr. Woolmer's "Den of Error," and "Cymon and Iphigenia," depend for their effect upon the accompaniment of rocks and trees steeped in that peculiar magic light in which the artist dips all the subjects of his pencil. Mr. A. Clint strives after plain and unsophisticated nature, in her rougher moods however, as in "Evening after a Stormy Day, near Ilfracombe." Mr. Zeitter sticks to snow-storms, and that kind of windy weather which confounds all outline. His "Hungarians on their way to Presburg" is of this class: it is as effective as a picture of this careless character can be. Mr. J. Tennant has a number of Devonshire, Welsh, and West Country views, with very pretty bits in them here and there. J. Wilson, jun., is as fresh as ever in his marine pieces: the "Fishing-boats off the Harbour of Fecamp" is an excellent specimen of his style. Mr. W. W. Gosling gives us a repetition of those darkling forest views which struck by their novelty a year or two ago, and have not yet lost their charm. Mr. G. Cole does not yet hit the true quiet grey tones of nature; and Mr. J. B. Pyne wanders as far in the opposite direction in his "Evening at Chelsea"—an artificial view of things, not redeemed by any intrinsic charm of its own. Mr. H. J. Boddington is also extravagantly yellow this year; he seems to paint with extract of buttercups or brimstone. Mr. J. P. Pettitt loves the moon and lurid shadows, as may be seen in his "Fairies' Glen on the Conway," which is painfully blue. Mr. T. F. Wainwright brings us back to nature in his "Coast Scene" (181). Mr. W. West has a large Norwegian view, on a "Branch of the Sogne Fiord." Among the less ambitious class of subjects, in which human figures take a prominent part, we may instance J. J. Hill's "Cabin Door" as pleasing in feeling and in colour. Mr. C. Baxter's "Sunshine" is an imaginary portrait of a young lady or nymph, pretty and smiling; Mr. W. Duffield's "Gardener's Daughter" is wrought with the same care as the artist bestows upon his fruits and flowers. Another instance of the minute kind of finish which generally attracts admiration is Mr. W. Millner's "Letter from

Jack of H.M.S. Agamemnon." Mr. J. T. Peele's "Tired Gleaner," "Child listening to a Trumpet," and "Dressing Myself," are, as we think, all particularly natural and pretty. Mr. J. R. Powell's "Timidity" is in French rather than English taste, both as to subject and style. "The Teetotaller and the Tippler," by J. Haillyar, is a somewhat coarse but not ineffective treatment of the characters intended to be contrasted. We have heard of a poem upon the animating theme of life-assurance. An artist (Mr. H. Arrow-smith) has found inspiration for his pencil on the same subject. In number 379 he shows us, in two compartments, the necessity of life-insurance. The first contains a representation of a scarlet-coated gentleman deep in the enjoyment of cold fowl and ale, while a very bald headed emissary of an insurance company, beaming benevolence and moderate premiums from his countenance, urges in vain the advantages which the office holds out. In the next scene, a mourning widow is seen leaving the old mansion, the squire in the mean time having died of surfeit occasioned by the cold fowl and ale. No insurance office ought to be without an engraving of this pair of touching compositions.

A view of an American Market Basket, with some luscious-looking cherries in it, and a variety of other less interesting edibles, is priced at three hundred guineas! We are at a loss to understand the principle of this valuation. The picture is not remarkably effective as a whole, though some parts of it are elaborately finished.

The number of works exhibited is eight hundred and three.

THE *Art Journal* for March presents its readers with two engravings from the Royal Galleries, Dyce's "Virgin Mother" and Ruysdael's "Windmill," each worth the price of the whole number. Besides these, there are engravings of Wyon's "Rescue," a coloured pattern of Maw's pavements, and woodcuts of the rarest excellence, illustrating the works of Danby and Albert Durer, and the Museum of Ornamental Art.

The third part of Mr. Hutton's *Water-colour without a Master* illustrates cattle, sheep, and figures. It appears to be a very practical book.

Captain Biddulph has just published two topographical and panoramic sketches of the *Assault of Sebastopol*. They represent the advanced series of attack, and the Russian defences in front of the city, and are accompanied with a description and some remarks, which professional men will more appreciate than civilians. But the drawings will be found very useful for reference when reading the narratives of the progress of the war.

Mr. Wyke Bayliss has just published a short treatise on *The Elements of Aerial Perspective, or Light, Shade, and Colour* (Reeves and Son), which he illustrates with engravings. It appears to be a practical book; only we would recommend him in future to eschew fine writing. Books designed to teach cannot be written in too homely a strain.

The Principles of Colouring in Painting, by Charles Martel (Winsor and Newton), is a treatise of uncommon ability, on a subject that for elaborate review comes within the jurisdiction of our young and promising contemporary, *The Artist*. Here we can only announce its advent, as an incident in the literary history of the time, and state to those whom it may concern, that its object is "to explain the principles upon which harmony in colour depends, and to indicate the readiest and surest way of obtaining it."

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. GILBERT SCOTT has obtained the first premium for a Gothic design for the new Hotel de Ville and Senate House at Hamburg.—Sir W. R. Gilbert's monument is to be a beacon erected on the rocks near Bodmin, 515 feet above the sea level, and to be seen from the neighbouring towns of Fowey and Padstow.—It has been proposed to form a collection of works of art by artists and amateurs, to be given by them for the purposes of sale and exhibition, the whole proceeds to be applied to the relief of widows and orphans of British officers who may fall in the war with Russia. The plan has been taken up with great spirit in aristocratic circles, and more than hopes are entertained that drawings by the most important personages in the realm will give a peculiar interest to the undertaking.—The statue of Clarendon has been lately removed from the pedestal which it occupied at the entrance to the House of Commons, and that of Selden put in its place.—The Annual General Meeting of the Artists' Benevolent Fund for the Relief of Widows and Orphans was held at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 20th ult., Mr. Henry Twining in the chair; and it appeared, by the Report of the Committee of 1854, that during the past year 53 widows have been relieved to the amount of 796*l.*, and 32 orphans to the amount of 135*l.* 17*s.*—The Art-Union of London has just issued a large plate, entitled "The Water Party," and a volume of the illustrations of "Childe Harold," both of which every member of the current year is entitled to. "The Water Party" is engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A., from a picture by Claude in the possession of A. E. Chalon, Esq. It is a very elegant composition, and

displays a scene of great animation and gaiety. It has been engraved with considerable care, but seems to want those delicately-expressed atmospheric effects which constitute the peculiar charm of Claude's paintings. These beauties, however, are very difficult, if not impossible, to retain in a copy consisting simply of black and white. The illustrations of "Childe Harold" are 30 in number, and are very finely engraved in wood from original drawings made expressly for the Art-Union of London. They consist of compositions of figures, landscapes, and views, all from the pencils of artists of reputation. Such parts of the poem as have reference to the plates are given. This series of illustrations forms an elegant and pleasing volume.

The Pope is about to erect a colossal statue of the Virgin Mary at Rome, in celebration of the triumph of the Immaculate Conception dogma. Three hundred medals are to be struck of virgin Australian gold. It has been announced in the *Times* that an important discovery of ancient Greek sculpture has been made in the course of excavations on the site of the Temple of Juno at Argos. The Government has taken charge of the works.—A Belgian artist, named Van Lerius, has brought to this country a picture of "Adam and Eve," his own production, which is being exhibited at 57, Pall-mall. The composition represents them reclining—Adam buried in profound sleep, and Eve just awakening; while Satan, with the serpent, is seen behind. The figures, which are life size, are disposed with elegance, and the general effect of light and shade is pleasing. Some slight deviations from correct drawing are, however, visible in the left arm of Adam and the right hand of Eve. The artist's conception of Satan is not very happy. He has made him too mean and commonplace a fiend. Of the colouring of this picture it is impossible to judge, as it is exhibited by artificial light.—A Berlin correspondent writes to the *Leader* a piece of news:—"Rauch, the sculptor," says the letter-writer, "has just shown me a letter from Athens, in which it is stated that the Temple of Juno has been excavated at Argos, and as many as three hundred fragments of statues have already been recovered. Remember that this temple was, in the life of Polydeutes, what the Parthenon was in the life of Phidias—that it contained the masterpieces of his art, at a time when art was at its apex of glory—and you can form some idea of the thrill which this announcement will give every lover of sculpture. The Greek Government will not, it is supposed, sell the treasures, but it has no money to devote to their restoration. Casts are to be taken of them; and ere long we may hope to feast our eyes on works worthy to be placed beside the Elgin marbles!"

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

DURING the last few days there has been more doing in the musical world, as is usually the case just before the Passion and Easter weeks, which form a kind of interregnum, and then will come the full burst of the musical season. At the Amateur Society's fourth concert the remarkable feature was the performance of Mendelssohn's very difficult Concerto in D minor, by a young lady who appeared under the name of Angelina, and whose compositions have already produced a favourable impression. The playing was characterised by neatness, facility, and firmness, particularly on the left hand; and the conception and execution of the entire work may justify the highest encomiums. If amateurs can play in such a style, the profession will have to look to its own laurels. The concert was enlivened by the London Deutscher Männer Chor, who sang some characteristic choral pieces in a manner that may bear comparison with the far-famed Cologne Choral Union. The orchestra improves under Mr. Leslie's conducting, as was proved by the performance of Haydn's Symphony in B flat.

Mendelssohn's Lobgesang and Mozart's Requiem having during the last year proved very attractive, they were brought forward again by the Sacred Harmonic Society on the 20th inst., fully sustaining the interest of the previous season. At St. Martin's Hall, the Creation was produced on the 22nd inst., under the direction of Mr. Hullah.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society took place on Monday last; the principal points of interest being the performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony and the introduction of a selection from Herr Wagner's "Lohengrin." The advent of Wagner as the conductor of these concerts has produced a sensation in the musical world. There are those who have been set against him from some peculiar opinions he is supposed to hold relative to the art, and would therefore, almost condemn him unheard. But, as Wagner was not the seker but was sought for, he is at all events entitled to a patient hearing. We confess to a feeling in favour of the new comer, and see in him only a man determined to think for himself, and who will not, therefore, be fettered in his opinions by prescription. He has already made himself felt—so much so that it would be difficult even now to find a successor; for whoever follows must prove himself capable of thinking. There is one point on which we

think Herr Wagner stumbles, and that is the descriptive power of music. In a very elaborate analysis of the Choral Symphony, he endeavours to describe what was never intended for description; for no two persons would ever agree as to the supposed sentiments of the music; in fact, music is not descriptive, it is only its own exponent. The "Lohengrin," being written with this view, must necessarily be a failure. The introduction brings to recollection David's "Desert," which was notoriously so; and in the selection entitled "Bridal Procession and Wedding Music, and Epithalamium," although there are some novelties and startling effects, and many passages of real power, Wagner fails because he aims at that which has no existence—a mere chimera, and which has already proved a stumbling block to others. Mr. Blagrove's performance on the violin may be likened to a beautiful piece of mosaic. In purity of tone and finish in his performance he has scarcely an equal, but he is wanting in breadth of style.

The charitable tendency of the New Philharmonic has been displayed in favour of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington. The selection of music of the second concert on Wednesday last was irreproachable. Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, with Lindsay Sloper to perform Mendelssohn's Concerto in D, and Ernst on the violin, would prove sufficient attraction for any person reasonably fond of good music. On the same evening, the Harmonic Union produced the "Messiah" at the Hanover-square Rooms. The name of this society gives a power of selection over a greater range of music than of course belongs to the so-called Sacred Societies; and yet the directors could think of nothing else than the "Messiah."

The successful revival of Sir Henry Bishop's musical works, at the Hanover-square Rooms, induced Mr. Mitchell to undertake a concert on a larger scale, at Exeter Hall. In addition to the principal singers, there was a chorus of 200 voices. But Bishop's career was that of a dramatic writer. Without an orchestra, therefore, the public of the present day will not arrive at a due appreciation of his merits as a composer.

Mr. C. Salaman has repeated his lectures on the "History of the Pianoforte" at the Hanover-square Rooms. The subject has proved interesting. The lecturer traced the instrument from what may be termed its eocene period, when, by the application of keys to the Dulcimer, hence called Clavichord, the first idea arose of the now magnificent instrument the Pianoforte. The lectures were illustrated by diagrams, and enlivened by Mr. Salaman's performance of appropriate music on the Virginals, single and double Harpsichord.

NEW MUSIC.

Twelve English Bass Songs, in two books, selected from the Dramatic Works of the last Century; now first reprinted, with a Pianoforte Accompaniment arranged by ALFRED ROFFE. Rudall, Rose, and Carte, New Bond-street.

THE first part only has as yet appeared, consisting of six songs. The scarcity of bass songs has induced this publication. The selection has evidently been made with great care and judgment, and we doubt not will prove an acceptable boon to the public. There is much quaintness in these compositions, and in one or two of them their revival almost realises originality. They will prove a capital study for any public base singer (Mr. Roffe adheres to the old spelling); and among them we strongly recommend "the Lion's Song," a highly-spirited and characteristic composition, written by Lampe, and taken from his opera "Pyramus and Thisbe." The names of the other composers, whose works have been resuscitated, are Rush, Smith, W. Bates, and Dr. Pepusch.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Emperor of the French has been pleased, by special brevet, dated March 20, 1855, to appoint the Messrs. Robert Cocks and Co. of New Burlington-street, London, to be music publishers to his Imperial Majesty.—M. Jullien has retired, *pro tempore*, to his estate in Belgium, to take some repose after the fatigues of his double winter season and his long tour in the provinces.—Madame Viardot has signed an engagement to appear at the Royal Italian Opera this year. Madame Alboni, according to the *Morning Post*, will also pass "the season" in England.—It is expected that Meyerbeer's *L'Etoile du Nord* will be very strongly cast at the Royal Italian Opera. Mme. Bosio as Catherine, Mdle. Marai as Prascovia, Herr Fornes as Peter the Great, and Lablache as the Corporal.—Mr. Frederick Gye has been for some days in Paris, making arrangements for the forthcoming season at the Royal Italian Opera. Mme. Jenny Ney, principal singer at the Dresden Opera, is positively engaged. *Il Traviatore* will be one of the first performances, and in this opera of Signor Verdi the London public will be introduced to the new *contralto*, Mme. Borghi-Mamo.—The announcement has been publicly made, that the Lyceum Theatre is to be let after Easter. This announcement denotes the retirement of Mr. Charles Mathews from the management of the theatre.—M. Hector Berlioz will arrive in London in the first week in May, in

order to conduct some of the New Philharmonic Society's concerts, and produce, at one of them, his new work *L'Enfance du Christ*, which has been so successful in Paris and Germany.—The success of Mrs. Barrow, late Miss Julia Bennett, in America, where for some months past she has been fulfilling a variety of professional engagements with the greatest *éclat*, has recently received a special confirmation in the shape of a testimonial. The *Boston Evening Gazette* tells us, that on the occasion of her benefit in February last, at the Boston Theatre, the manager, Mr. Barry, led her to the front of the stage, and, in compliment to her "talents as an actress and worth as a lady," presented her, in the name of "a few of her many friends," with a gold watch and chain. To this unexpected and gratifying act of kindness Mrs. Barrow responded in the neatest of neat speeches, and retired amid the warmest congratulations of the house.

In consequence of the immense success of the *Etoile du Nord* at Dresden, the King of Saxony has conferred on M. Meyerbeer the cross of Commander of the Ordre Royal d'Albert.—Madame Bosio has signed an engagement with the Opera at St. Petersburg for next season.—M. Victor Hugo brought an action before the Civil Tribunal to obtain from M. Ragani, director of the Italian Theatre, payment of the sum of 582*fr.* 20*c.*, being 10 per cent. on the receipts of two performances of the opera of *Ernani*, the libretto of which is taken from his tragedy of that name. M. Ragani resisted the demand, on the ground that the libretto had fallen into the public domain, it having been printed and published in 1844 and 1851 without any objection on the part of M. Hugo. The tribunal decided that the objection was good in law, and dismissed the action with costs. It was stated in the course of the proceedings that, when M. Victor Hugo intimated his intention of bringing an action, M. Ragani, by way of compromise, offered him 100*fr.* for every performance of *Ernani*, but that he had refused it.—*Galignani.*

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

THE EAST-END THEATRES.

So far as the West-end theatres are concerned, my task is a sinecure. There is positively nothing to be recorded of their proceedings during the past fortnight. Some have closed, and some are closing; some too are in busy preparation for the holiday crowds of Easter Monday; for these reasons nothing new has appeared.

But I have been attracted eastward, even to the City of London Theatre—a house of which it may be that many of my readers have never heard; but it is a fact nevertheless—a great, solid, wealth-producing fact, is this same City of London Theatre; and any man who takes the trouble to walk up Shoreditch may certify himself thereof. The occasion which called me thither was one that might have excused a far worse deed; for orphans were to be fed, and the sorrows of a widow were to be assuaged. How strange it seems, that under all this turmoil of legitimate dramas and Spanish dancers, Kean feuds and Meyerbeer factions, there should be flowing far beneath the level of the fashionable critic's eye (I mean the gentleman who "does" the theatres for a daily) a great, strong, swelling stream of passion and feeling, down amid the depths of the people, which humble but earnest dramatists illustrate and poetise—not without some glory in their way, not without fulfilling, after their unostentatious manner, the true mission of the drama. Such a man was John Wilkins, the author of "Money and Misery," of "Civilisation," and of some other works of pith, not borrowed from the French. He was an actor, too, this same John Wilkins; of modest merit it may be, but not undistinguished in Islington and the Great Far East. It must have been a hard life for him, when even the two branches of the profession (diligently followed both) could not make him easy; so one day, last year, he gave up the struggle and died, leaving a widow and some children unprovided for. And the good people of Shoreditch would have a benefit in his memory, and for the aid of his widow; and the good fellow-artists of the dead man (there is a kindly fellowship among these artists, in spite of all their quarrelling) came down from Sadler's Wells to play for the benefit, and the house was crammed full up to the ceiling—so full that I hope something came to poor Mrs. Wilkins and her children, and that the word benefit was not an empty mockery to them.

I declare to you, reader, that I never in my life saw a more earnest and intelligent audience than was in the City of London Theatre on that night. Sheridan's "School for Scandal" was played, and right well played too; but the fun upon the stage was nothing to the fun that danced in the people's eyes and roared out in boisterous music from their lips. How they entered into the spirit of the thing! What sympathy for Charles! What scorn for Joseph! What a thorough appreciation of "the little milliner!" If actors enjoy a sympathetic audience, every member of the Sadler's Wells company must have enjoyed himself keenly that night.

And now that I have broken the ice, and scraped a sort of bowing acquaintance with the East-end theatres, I intend that this shall not be the last of

my visits. There is the Standard, where Miss Glynn and Mr. Marston are playing "Anthony and Cleopatra." There, too, is the Britannia, far in the wilds of Hoxton. Since the West-end theatres will do nothing new, it behoves us to hunt novelty wherever it may be found; and I see no reason why the entertainment which amuses Jones of Norton Folgate should not be quite as important as that which delights the milder, because less natural, taste of De Boots of the Haymarket.

One little anecdote, to prove that in some things the East-end theatres may justly claim the palm. The other evening, chance took me to the Adelphi. I had seen "Janet Pride" before, but two ladies were with me who had not. The frequenters of that theatre will remember the sort of couillie which divides the dress-circle, in which (to the inconvenience of those in the boxes) late comers are permitted to stand. On this particular evening, to our special misfortune, a brace of tipsy bucks saw fit to place themselves behind us, and to interchange, in a loud tone of voice, a conversation, composed equally of silliness and slang: "That cove has got it;" "Take you odds he doesn't get the watch;" and so on. After supporting this intolerable nuisance for some time in silent patience, I did at last venture upon a word of mild remonstrance, and a request that the ladies with me might be permitted to hear a little of what was going on upon the stage. This simply drew from the gentlemen an expression of doubt that any ladies were in the theatre; and it was not until after some time, and much further annoyance, that I succeeded in getting rid of my pests. I am bound in justice to testify that I saw no such ruffianly blackguardism at the City of London Theatre.

JACQUES.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S EXHIBITION.—Two highly-interesting portrait models have just been added to this Exhibition. They represent the present Emperor and Empress of Austria. Both figures have been taken from authentic sources, and are considered faithful likenesses. The costumes are splendid, that of the Empress being a magnificent court dress of white lute, decorated with diamonds, and the Emperor is in the uniform of an Austrian General, wearing numerous military orders.

OBITUARY.

BURGESS, Thomas, of Trinity College, Dublin, second son of the Rev. Henry Burgess, L.L.D. of Clapham, Surrey, on the 15th inst., at Rugby, after a severe sickness.

ERSKINE, Lord, at his house, in Sussex, on the 19th inst. His Lordship began his diplomatic career, as Minister to the United States, at the beginning of the present century, and he only retired from the same post at Munich in 1843. His Lordship is succeeded by his eldest son, the Hon. Thomas Erskine, now third Baron Erskine.

GRAY, Daniel, Esq., of Manchester, the survivor of the Brothers Cheerybelle of Dickens, last week, at Manchester.

DAVIES, Mr. Griffith, one of the most eminent actuaries in London, aged 67. Mr. Griffith Davies was born on the 28th of December, 1788, at the foot of Clwyd mountain, Carnarvon. His father held a small farm, and devoted his spare time to work in the neighbouring slate quarries. Mr. Davies was also brought up to a quarryman, and worked as such until the age of 20. He was about 17 years old before he learnt even the numeration table, but as soon as he had had a little insight into the properties of numbers, which he managed to get by placing himself at school for a short time at Carnarvon, by his own savings, he would be seen during a portion of the meal-times allowed him at the quarry practising himself in arithmetical operations with an iron pencil on the slates he had to manufacture. He arrived in London on the 15th of September 1809, without a single acquaintance in the place, and with a very imperfect knowledge of the English language. Having a few letters of recommendation, he went about seeking a situation as a porter or messenger, and, being unsuccessful, placed himself for a short time in a school. In January, 1810, he obtained a situation as an usher, and in the following year he opened a school on his own account. He married in 1812; published his *Key to Bonycastle's Trigonometry* in 1814, was appointed consulting actuary to the Guardian Assurance Company in 1822, and soon after was appointed actuary to the Reversionary Interest Society. In 1825 he became the regular actuary to the Guardian, and published his tract on *Life Contingencies*, containing his rate of mortality, deduced from the experience of the Equitable Society, and the improved columnar method in 1825. From about 1829 to 1852 he was extensively engaged, sometimes at the instance of the East India Company, in investigations respecting the present state and future prospects of the military, medical, and civil funds established in India, and occasionally for the Bank of England, and other societies in this country. In the course of his career he was elected a fellow of the Royal Society, of the Statistical Society of France, and of the Institute of Actuaries of Great Britain and Ireland.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Arthur's (Rev. T. S.) Advice to Young Ladies, 2mo. 1s. 6d. cl. British Eloquence, Nineteenth Century, Literary Addresses, 8s. 6d. Buckingham's (J. S.) Autobiography, Vols. I. and II., 21s. cl. Buck's Medieval Popes, Emperors, &c., Vol. II., post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl. Cecil's *Memoria*, 14th edit. with Memoir of his Life, 8s. 5s. cl. Cheever and Headley's Travels among Alpine Scenery, 3s. 6d. cl.

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Eng. Cyclopaedia, "Geography, Vol. III," "Nat. Hist. Vol. III," 10s. each.

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Tanner's (Mrs. Joseph) Life and Last Illness, 8s. 6d. cl.

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Tracts for the Times: No. 90, Reprinted, Notes by Frew, 2s. 6d.

Velasquez and his Works, by Stirling, 12mo. 5s. cl.

Virgil's *Æneid*, Books VII.—XII, trans. by Ugan, 1s. 6d. cl.

Westward Ho! by C. Kingsley, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d. cl.

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